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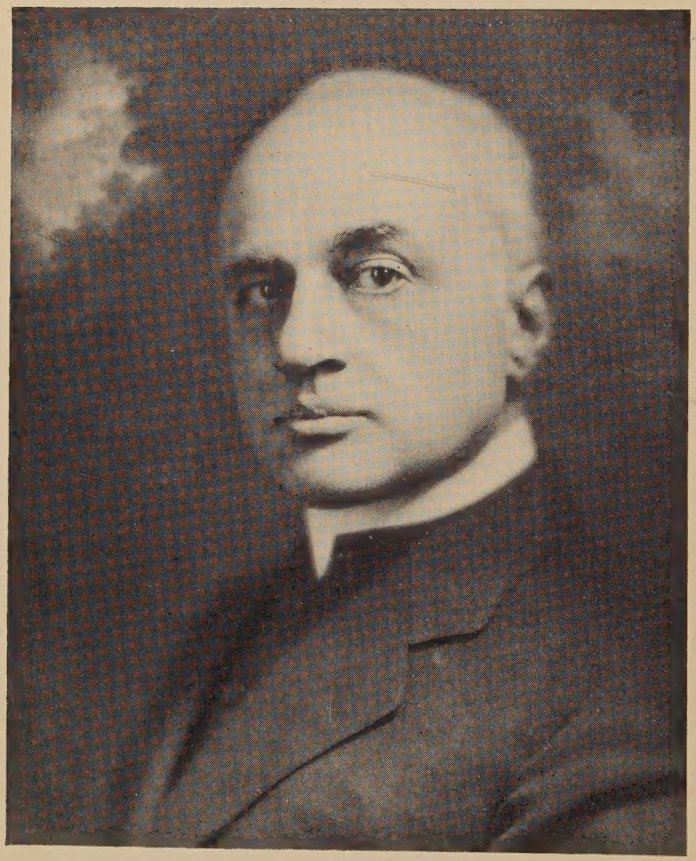

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Samuel Trexler

Crusaders of The Twentieth Century

A Lutheran Story in the Empire State

BY

SAMUEL TREXLER

President of the Lutheran Synod of New York and New England, and President of the New York Lutheran Ministers' Association

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To the memory of
MY FATHER
who so magnified
the ministry that
his three sons
followed him.

PREFACE

The Synod of New York and New England this year comes to its Silver Jubilee, and the story of its life deserves record. Inasmuch as it has been my good fortune to be associated with the Synod from its beginnings, and at the present time to serve as its president, I have felt it a compelling pleasure to set forth its history in these pages. In the writing, much of my own ministry has been woven in because of its intimate relationship with the Synod. It is my hope that this history will help toward a more sympathetic understanding of the work of our Church, and of its place in the life of our country and throughout the world.

SAMUEL TREXLER.

February 25th, 1926.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	BEGINNINGS	11
II.	ORGANIZING A SYNOD	28
III.	CHURCH BUILDING IN THE 20TH CENTURY	37
IV.	UNIVERSITY WORK	46
V.	THE CORNELL CHAPEL	54
VI.	AT THE WESTERN GATEWAY OF THE STATE	62
VII.	GETTING INTO THE WAR	68
VIII.	A CHAPLAIN IN FRANCE	77
IX.	THE FULL-TIME PRESIDENCY	93
X.	WORLD-WIDE WORK OF THE SYNOD	99
XI.	UNITING LUTHERAN FORCES	106
XII.	THE MODERN PASTOR'S EQUIPMENT	111
XIII.	CHURCH FINANCE	122
XIV.	LUTHERANS IN NEW YORK CITY	127
XV.	THE JUBILEE YEAR	136
	CONVENTIONS OF THE SYNOD	141
	ROLL OF THE SYNOD	142

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. SAMUEL TREXLER FRONTISPIECE	
THE SALOON CONVERTED INTO A CHURCH	15
MESSIAH CHURCH OVERLOOKING WINTHROP PARK	26
THE LUTHERAN CHURCH AT THE GATE OF CORNELL CAMPUS	54
THE SYNOD DEDICATES THE STUDENTS' CHURCH	58
THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, BUFFALO	63
BASE HOSPITAL NO. 8 A. E. F.	89
GENERAL COUNTONCEAU PLACES A WREATH ON THE FIRST AMERICAN GRAVES	89

CRUSADERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

CHAPTER I

BEGINNINGS

The one available room in the entire neighborhood, an empty store in a row of tumble-down houses known in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn as Battle Row, rented for the sum of eight dollars a month, had been swept and garnished for that first service.

I had secured an improvised platform and placed on it a simple altar—the only indication that this place was to be used for a church service. In the window there was a card, intended to attract the interest of the passer-by, with this announcement: "An English Lutheran Service in This Building, Sunday, October 1st, at 10.30 a. m. Everyone Is Welcome!"

To mark the opening of this new venture in Christian missions I had invited a distinguished churchman, the Rev. Dr. W. J. Miller, of Rochester, who was in the city at that time, to preach. Sexton and pastor for the new work, I came to the "church" half an hour beforehand, eager to greet the congregation at this, my first, service.

I anxiously wondered whether forty-five chairs would be enough. For a month I had been climbing the stairs of the neighboring tenements, becoming acquainted with the residents and inviting them to the service. Everywhere I had promises of their presence. The time of the

service was approaching, and no one had turned up. I consoled myself that everyone that morning was late in rising because the entire city had for two days been given over to the reception of Admiral Dewey, just returned from his exploits in the Philippines.

The time of the service arrived, and still there was no one there to participate. A young medical student, now Dr. J. Daniel Freitag, of Richmond Hill, was at the organ; my guest preacher, vested, was ready to begin. Again and again I went to the door, but there was no sign of life, save for some goats browsing among the tin cans on the vacant lots of Kingsland Avenue. At the end of the block were the stacks of the Standard Oil Company, belching forth heavy smoke. Battle Row was very much alive on Saturday night and correspondingly quiet on Sunday morning.

Finally, fifteen minutes late, timidly there came a young woman with her sister, and then a mother with her boy and girl. We started. I announced the hymn; and when that diminutive congregation lifted up its voice the neighborhood which had ignored us before began to take notice. The sound went out through the open doors and summoned men and boys curious to know what new thing had come among them. One man was wearing a bandage over his eye, evidently a witness to a recent brawl.

With hope for a congregation of worshippers risen anew, I went to the door and invited this group to come in. They were noncommittal. They did not come in, but neither did they disturb the service which consisted of a brief address by Dr. Miller and the lessons and prayers for the day.

With the optimism of youth I gathered whatever crumbs of comfort there might be that evening by entering in my diary: "We have at least started!"

Although the first service gave little promise, yet I

found myself committed to a work which was a surprise to me more than to anyone else. Since 1720 my ancestors had lived in Pennsylvania, that stronghold of the Lutheran Church, where church life partook of the conservatism which reigned in every department of existence. My father, the Rev. Daniel D. Trexler, served the whole of his ministry of forty-six years in one parish. After my graduation from Muhlenberg College in 1896, I found it a normal step to take up the study of theology at the Seminary in Philadelphia. My older brother, Martin, had preceded me in preparation for the ministry, but died at the age of twenty-three, in 1897, the year he would have been ordained. As the day of my ordination approached, I had no other thought than that of following in the footsteps of my Father, possibly taking his parish of four congregations scattered over a distance of twenty miles, or some parish like it. The dream of any other ministry had not come to my mind, and it was not until a month before the end of my seminary course that an entirely new vision came to me for my life work.

A committee of the Brooklyn Missionary Society—the Revs. A. Steimle and H. S. Knabenschuh—visited the students in the hope of enlisting certain men for a new and challenging work in the City of Churches. I had but a vague impression of Brooklyn, created by a walk across Brooklyn Bridge, and my knowledge of its history was bounded by the Brooklyn of Beecher and Storrs and Cuyler, a city dominated by New Englanders and the Puritan tradition. I was, however, to learn the real Brooklyn, a community sprawling over vast spaces of territory, the home of a polyglot mass of people. Here the Lutheran Church was represented by large numbers of Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Finns, and Letts. In addition the industrial conditions of this borough, so near to New York, had made

Brooklyn a veritable Babel. The old New England culture which in my mind had stood for Brooklyn was a small fraction compared to these multiplying peoples which, I found, made up the real Brooklyn.

Into the most concentrated group of this nature I was sent to begin a church which should minister to the children of these foreign-born people in the language of the country. Greenpoint, the most northerly section of Brooklyn bounded by the East River and Newtown Creek, offered unparalleled water-fronts for big industries. The conditions of verdure which occasioned New Yorkers, as they looked across the East River, to give Greenpoint its name had long since been sacrificed to large industrial enterprises, which made Greenpoint, with the exception of Fall River, the most thickly populated industrial centre in America. The owners and superintendents of these enterprises lived at a distance from the factories, but the operatives made up this population of Greenpoint's 70,000 people.

The experience of the first service very clearly indicated that some other place of worship must be found. This place was close at hand, for two blocks away there stood a frame building used on Sunday afternoons and evenings by the Universalist Society. Here again dawned a new opportunity, and during the week those who had disappointed at the first service were revisited. The second service, however, showed little advance upon the first, seven constituting the congregation in the Universalist building. The subject of the sermon was "Faith," and it may have come out of the disappointing experience of the new mission. That week the cloud of discouragement hung so low that I doubted whether I should continue. It was not easy to go on. But more homes were visited, and the new mission was given more publicity. A kindly Providence brought seventeen to the third service, and from then on there

THE SALOON CONVERTED INTO A CHURCH

was no question as to the prospect of the Greenpoint mission.

Another change of location was imminent because of the limited hours this building was at our service. We needed rooms which were ours throughout the week. In the meantime, some devoted men and women were found who were willing to organize and take the responsibility for the new church. On October 30th, 1899, a meeting was called, and we organized the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Messiah, with fifteen charter members. It gave me deep satisfaction to feel that in so short a period I had been able to bring into life a congregation.

The problem of a permanent home persisted and finally found its solution in the rental of another store room, still littered with the remains of a former saloon which had, apparently, failed to live. My workers and I scrubbed floors and cleaned windows until the evidence of its former use had disappeared. An altar, pulpit, and lectern were erected at one end of the forty-foot room, and on November 12th we held the service in our own home. The young people were invited to come to the Sunday School in the afternoon, and we started the school with forty pupils.

An evening service was held with a congregation of forty-five. This was the high water mark in the response, and with a Sunday program such as this I was happy in the fact that the Church of the Messiah was definitely functioning. Our new quarters allowed us facilities for meeting during the week, and soon the young people organized themselves into a Luther League, and the women into a Women's Auxiliary; and before many months we had a boy choir. It was before the time of moving pictures, and the evening service was the most popular.

To the north of our corner there were the city dumps,

and the cold of a winter's night severely tested the ability of our friendly and generous barrel stove. Not infrequently some wayfarer, a bit the worse for too much liquor, and mistaking us still for the former saloon, would come in and settle beside the warm stove, where he would fall asleep. We became so accustomed to this experience that it no longer disturbed us.

In the summer time those city dumps also made their contribution in the flies that bred there so prolifically.

Despite hindrances the work grew. We rented the floor above the church room for Sunday School and social gatherings. The life of the church was now so substantial that we were compelled to look forward to a permanent home. Throughout this period the Brooklyn Missionary Society had stood behind us, and especially its treasurer, the Hon. Charles A. Schieren, who, as mayor of Brooklyn, 1894-5, had commended himself to the citizens of that borough as a man of the finest integrity and the keenest interest in matters of public welfare. There was no man in this entire group whose counsel and support so helped me during those trying periods. My heart never fails to warm at the remembrance of his effort in my behalf.

Mr. Schieren was born on the Rhine in 1842, the son of a Dusseldorf cigar-maker. Coming to this country at the age of twelve years, he seized upon the opportunities afforded by its freedom. By diligent use of his scant resources he not only became very successful in the leather-belting business, but developed a culture which enriched every part of his city's life. After his retirement from public office it was the logical procedure to ask Mr. Schieren to head every civic movement. Large public offices, both in the state and the nation, were constantly offered to him, but, with characteristic modesty, he chose the quieter life. It had been his ambition to become a pastor, but in his early

days he had lacked the means to enable him to study. It was his desire to realize this ambition in some measure that made him such a generous supporter of mission work in Brooklyn. The help of such a personality was a constant refreshment to me, and, later on, it gave me an open sesame to many of the leaders in New York and Brooklyn.

In the heart of the district which our mission was to serve there was a small six-acre breathing space called Winthrop Park, developed under the mayoralty of Seth Low. On the Russell Street side there was still vacant property which seemed to be the very location from which our church was to radiate its life. We invited Mr. Schieren to visit this property. On a Sunday afternoon early in 1901 Mr. Schieren, accompanied by the church board, which then consisted of nine men, visited the site. He immediately agreed with us in its purchase and gave us a substantial contribution toward it. The possession of this ground not only gave us courage, but lured us on to the day of bigger things for the Church of the Messiah. Our quarters at the corner of Norman Avenue and Humboldt Street were fast being outgrown, and in November of 1901 we accepted the very kind invitation of the Norwegian Lutheran Church in the vicinity to use the basement of their building. Each step in our life brought us better facilities. Here, however, we had to combat a new condition. Our services had to be held at the same time as those of the Norwegian congregation. Despite every effort at neighborliness, the strong Norwegian chorales would oftentimes drown out my effort to preach to the congregation of Messiah Church gathered below.

In the fall of 1901 and onwards many studies were made of plans for a building which was to house our rapidly increasing work. They were exciting days

when our imaginations would run riot in pictures of the church which was to grace Winthrop Park. But disappointments were just as numerous because each plan was far beyond our much limited means. In our first gathering of funds for the property only one of our members could pledge the sum of twenty-five dollars, and this magnificent pledge was never redeemed! We finally decided to build an English Gothic church, but for the initial enterprise we would erect nothing more than the crypt. On March 16th, 1902, we broke ground with a fitting service. "The crowds were immense," I wrote in my diary. "Wherever one looked there was a sea of faces." Our work had now been firmly established in the life of the community.

On Sunday, May 4th, we laid the corner stone, and the building was dedicated on September 28th. My Father preached the sermon. The auditorium held 450 people, and it was crowded before the hour of service arrived. For the first time I came to the joy of my ministry. Our church was to some degree able to meet the opportunities all around us. There were so many children in the community that it was but necessary to open the doors for them to tumble in. They soon crowded our enlarged quarters, and it was a proud day when, at the annual Sunday School parade so well known in Brooklyn, we had no fewer than 700 children. Every other department of the church felt the same growth. One keen regret still lingers relentlessly in my heart. How much more effective could our work have been in the face of this abundant opportunity had we been able to command trained workers to help in this gigantic task. How wasteful the Church constantly is!

My life at Greenpoint had not yet run the course of one year, and the future progress of Messiah Church still weighed heavily on my mind, when late one summer night I went to post a letter to my Mother. On

the way I met one of my neighbors whom I had often observed but to whom I had never spoken. He was a young physician, well-groomed, with the easy grace that betokened his Southern ancestry, a man who very readily commanded his position in such a community. He was reputed to be a man of some consequence, and there were many stories of his sympathetic willingness to help in cases of distress.

He stopped. "Have you seen Mr. Brown?" he inquired, anxiously. Everyone in the neighborhood knew "Mr. Brown" almost as well as they knew his master. Mr. Brown was the doctor's dog!

In this wise began a relationship with Dr. Edmund Devol, a relationship which our friends are pleased to call that of David and Jonathan. (No one has ever been bold enough to say dogmatically which is the one or the other!) Within six months after our first meeting Dr. Devol invited me to take up my residence in his house. I demurred, owing to my inability to take any part in the household expenses. As a young pastor receiving fifty dollars a month I had to be very careful. Moreover, I had already had some amusing experiences in seeking a habitation beyond my means. I recall that one day on my arrival in Greenpoint I noticed an attractive home in Calyer Street. Impulsively I ran up the steps and rang the bell. A lady of charming dignity came to the door.

"Have you any rooms to rent?" I asked.

"I am sorry we do not rent rooms," she replied, smiling.

Later I learned that this was the home of Judge Perry, one of the most distinguished residents of Greenpoint!

Therefore, when Dr. Devol invited me to go and live with him, I naturally hesitated. But my lack of means did not disturb him.

"Pay as much as you choose," was his warm-hearted reply.

So I accepted the invitation.

No. 127 Milton Street, our home, had been the boyhood residence of the Hon. Charles E. Hughes, who lived under that roof while his father was the pastor of the Union Avenue Baptist Church. When I first met Mr. Hughes we touched on our common associations in No. 127.

"You know the mantelpiece in the little dining-room," he said. "When I went as a freshman to Brown University I could stand under that mantelpiece with my shoulders. When I returned for the Christmas holidays I had grown beyond it."

Greenpoint is very proud of Mr. Hughes, Governor of the State of New York, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, candidate for the Presidency against Woodrow Wilson, and Secretary of State under Harding and Coolidge.

Dr. Devol and I later removed to No. 133 Milton Street, which became an open house to all the parishioners of the growing Messiah Church. People came as freely to me there as they did after a service in the church. There was the never-ending line of young people, and frequently older people, who needed employment. My acquaintance with the industrial concerns of the community enabled me to help these applicants. There were many cases of domestic unhappiness, and the house became a place of reconcilement. Mothers, agitated and distressed, would rush in to ask me to go to the courts to accept the parole of wayward children. When rents were overdue landlords would be importuned for another delay in payment. These, in addition to the normal round of pastoral duties, of funerals and marriages, kept the doorbell and the telephone ringing. At any hour of the day or night I might be called to

someone in trouble. If it were a sick call, Dr. Devol would respond to it. A healing ministry was going out from No. 133 through his effort. Sometimes when people came to me I turned them over to him because he could do them more good. It was the same when they came to him. Some of his patients found their way from his surgery to my study. As I look back on these days, I see that we were really doing what would be called nowadays the work of a soul and body clinic.

There were other ways in which Dr. Devol's influence developed the work. He took the work of Messiah Church beyond its original bounds of ministering to the second and third generations of Nordic peoples. Wherever he went he talked about our church; he never worried about whether his friends were people usually interested in a Lutheran church. He himself was not a Lutheran, but he was tremendously interested in Messiah Church, and his enthusiasm and loyalty never failed to arouse the interest of others. The supporters of the church came to be people of a great variety of social and religious background.

An instance of Dr. Devol's "rooting" which had an unexpected climax occurs to me. One day, at the office of our principal real estate dealer on Manhattan Avenue, two young people came in to inquire for the Methodist minister. On being told that he was away at his Conference meeting they asked for the Baptist minister. This pulpit was vacant at the time. Then they asked for the Presbyterian minister; he also was out of the city. Seeing a chance of a wedding fee for the Lutheran pastor, Dr. Devol suggested that he had a friend who was a clergyman.

"Of what church?" they asked.

"Lutheran," was his reply.

They shook their heads, implying that they thought he would not speak English. In despair they left the

office, but Dr. Devol, still hopeful, followed in a gentle way as guide.

They asked for the Episcopal minister, but Dr. Devol observed that his friend was an English Lutheran pastor. This seemed to satisfy the young couple, and, with quiet satisfaction, the doctor towed them toward our house. When safely near the house, he tried to clinch the matter by telling them that his friend performed marriages very satisfactorily.

"Oh, but it's not for a wedding," said the young man. "I want him for my mother's funeral!"

Those were financially lean days. A young pastor doing pioneer mission work is in no danger of being led away by too much riches. A wedding is a time of rejoicing for him as well as for the young people he has married, provided that the bridegroom has a generous gift for him after the ceremony!

One sweltering June morning I had been about my parish duties and having made numerous calls returned home quite exhausted. Dr. Devol opened the door with a cheery message, "There's a wedding waiting for you inside," he said.

When I entered I found two couples instead of one, and my hopes rose even higher! After the ceremony had been performed twice, each pair standing as witnesses for the other, they prepared to go. They were in high spirits, and I had good reason to be in an expectant frame of mind.

The first groom, as he passed me, said a hasty, "Goodbye, pastor!" The second modified his salutation to a "See you later, pastor!" But he never did.

I have increasingly admired the splendid heroism of many of the poorer people among whom I ministered. I have never seen courage like that of many a widowed mother, who, after the death of the breadwinner, in

the face of almost hopeless obstacles, sets out to earn the bread by day, caring for her children at night. Or of the wife who, year after year, nurses an invalid husband in addition to going out to work to maintain the humble home. Or of the devotion of broken-hearted parents as they would, again and again, come to the rescue of children who had heedlessly gone their own way, reaping that which they had sown.

After living through such almost stoical expressions of strength and determination, one comes to understand how invincible is the human spirit. The first janitor of our church, Mrs. Itzerodt, was a German woman who had not only taken care of an invalid husband for thirty years, but had also helped to support her daughter and her daughter's family. Yet despite the burden she was bearing, she had a cheerfulness of spirit which made everyone who came in contact with this joyous soul her debtor.

The many people who came to our home with their troubles and problems evidently spread the news of the help they received. It was all in the day's work to Dr. Devol and to me, but we were surprised to find that the outside world thought it was more than that. So much so that one day we were astonished to see No. 133 written up in the Brooklyn *Standard Union* most colorfully and eulogistically, in a whole-page illustrated story on "The House of Friendship."

There occurred in No. 133, in the summer of 1911, an incident particularly befitting a House of Friendship. The Rev. Dr. F. F. Buermeyer, who was then city missionary, took charge of the church when Dr. Devol and I sailed for Europe. He also occupied our house. On the first night of his abode there he was aroused by a noise on the stairs. Someone was stealthily coming up.

A man came through the open door. He turned to run away when he saw the room was occupied, but

Dr. Buermeyer, like the curé in *Les Miserables,* invited him to share the other bed.

In the morning the housebreaker confessed that he had just been released from Trenton prison and, feeling the hopelessness of securing a position under those conditions, he had decided to revert to his old "career." When the occupants of the house had departed with their baggage, he had hid himself in the coal bin, ready to loot the house at night.

The end of the story was brief and to the point. Dr. Buermeyer bought the man a news-stand on Third Avenue in New York, and the criminal became a self-respecting, law-abiding citizen.

In my pastoral round I met a good many quaint types who had been sequestered in Greenpoint—washed up on the waves of time and left behind. The early enterprise on the East River shores of Greenpoint was the shipbuilding industry. Among its population there were still rare instances of the fine New England stock who had come a generation or two beforehand to build some of the Sound and river craft which were still plying on these waters.

Through Dr. Devol, there came to me a request to visit Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Marr, a couple eighty-seven and eighty-five years old, who lived quite alone after the death of their one son. Mr. Marr had been a ship's caulker in the days when he was working.

The home of these two old people was almost like a picture from Dickens—a two-story and basement frame house, scantily furnished and somewhat ramshackle, not so much from need as from New England thrift. When my regular visit would be coming to a close, Mrs. Marr would ask me to pray for them. Upon my agreeing to do so she would attract her husband's attention, he being very deaf, by pulling his arm.

"Phillip, Phillip, the Pastor's going to pray for us,"

she would say; to which invariably came his gallant response, "Always happy to hear him! Always happy to hear him!"

Phillip then, still further to dignify the occasion, would corral any chance visitor or member of the household, and we would have our devotions.

These two partners for life lived together for over sixty years, and when the husband was called out of this life, within a year the wife followed him. On their estate being settled, I found that they had left me a legacy of $1,000.

The work that Messiah Church was doing was out of all proportion to its financial strength, generous and loyal though its people were. There was the ever-pressing need for moneys to support our program and our building plans. This heavy burden fell largely upon the pastor. But with all its distractions, I also found it rich in compensations. It was a distinct encouragement to find our work so highly valued that all the large industrial enterprises in Greenpoint came to give us financial support. They acknowledged the return which Messiah Church was making in the finer character of their workmen and workwomen. There were also the friendships that I made. Through the Standard Oil interests in our vicinity came the support of the Pratt family, so favorably known at the time in Brooklyn as public benefactors, and since then throughout the nation. Mr. Frederick Pratt's assurance to me, "As long as you stand by the work in Greenpoint I shall stand by you," meant much in giving heart to the young missionary. The Hecla Iron Works, through its president, Mr. Nils Poulson, who later endowed the Scandinavian American Foundation, voted its assistance for the building of our church from the corporation treasury. The Continental Iron Works, at which was built during the Civil War the *Monitor,*

which turned victory northward, was one of the most picturesque Greenpoint institutions. The president of this organization, Mr. Thomas Fitch Rowland, who himself had built the *Monitor,* together with his son, Charles Rowland, and his nephews, Messrs. George and Samuel Tibbals, were never-failing supporters of Messiah Church. The American Manufacturing Company and the Eberhard Faber Pencil Company, both of which employed large numbers of our young people, were generous contributors. Other corporations also lent their aid; and the friendships which I formed in coming to know the leaders of big business have ever since been a distinct enrichment of my life.

When we built the crypt of Messiah Church in 1902, I had in mind that in five years we should complete our church plant. Larger rooms were needed. Many services were duplicated because of our inability to accommodate all those who came at one time. In the summer of 1907 we again renewed operations, and at the close of the Lenten season in 1908 we joyfully dedicated the completed building.

I instituted an early service for workers and mothers of families who could not come to the service at eleven o'clock. These two services were but the introduction to my Sunday. Frequently there was a funeral service at two o'clock—Sunday being, apparently, a preferred day for funerals. At 2.30, as the superintendent, I was compelled to lead the Sunday School. At four o'clock there was a class of instruction for adults seeking church membership. The day then concluded with a vesper service at eight. Each of these gatherings brought with them individuals who had their own personal problems to present. The week-night activities at the church were so absorbing that there was scarcely a free night from October until after April 1st.

As one looks across Winthrop Park, over the tree

MESSIAH CHURCH OVERLOOKING WINTHROP PARK

tops, the tower only is visible. It never fails to remind me of the beautiful tower of Magdalen College in Oxford. The lighted cross on the top radiates the message of the Saviour of mankind over all that area. It is in this respect typical of the influence of the Church of the Messiah. Though it has ministered to a fluid population, some living under its influence but for a few months, yet in these later years it is a joy beyond measure to find leaders who have been trained in Messiah Church in every part of this great metropolitan area.

CHAPTER II

ORGANIZING A SYNOD

The experience of Messiah Church was not unique. The same process was taking place throughout the Empire State, naturally in different forms, and a new epoch in the life of the Lutheran Church in America was imminent.

The remnants of the early Dutch Lutherans of three centuries ago are practically negligible, with the exception of the First Lutheran Church in Albany, the history of which sweeps back uninterruptedly to 1664. The first wave from Europe to leave a permanent impress was that of the Palatinates who settled in the Hudson and the Mohawk valleys, a large portion of them finally landing in Pennsylvania. The Palatinates came from the Rhine district refugees to this country in 1709 and later years because of the severity of the persecution under Louis XIV. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg frequently ministered to these congregations, journeying for three days on horseback from New York to Albany. These established churches now belong, to a large extent, to the New York Synod, a merger of the New York and New Jersey, the Hartwick and the Franckean Synods, effected in 1908.

The second great wave of Lutheranism to affect the entire state was that of the immigration of large numbers from northern Germany, in 1839. This gave im-

pulse to the strong German churches which are now associated in the New York Ministerium, founded in 1786.

It was the assimilation of these European immigrants into the life of America that eventually produced the situation that gave rise to the Synod of New York and New England. Many of the congregations of the original Muhlenberg foundation, located largely in the smaller towns, had for some time been using the English language exclusively. But those of the second wave of immigration held very devotedly to the German language. Their children, however, using the English language for six days in the week, found it difficult to adapt themselves to the German language in their worship. Large numbers of these went to strengthen other Protestant Churches, and still a larger number drifted totally away from the Christian Church. This condition gave rise to serious thinking on the part of far-visioned leaders who keenly saw the need of churches which should minister entirely in the English language. In 1869, the Ministerium reported the first English Lutheran congregation, the Church of the Reformation, Rochester, N. Y. In 1889 there were two other churches —Trinity Church, Buffalo, organized 1879, and the Church of the Redeemer, Utica, in the same year. The organizing of the Church of the Redeemer, Utica, was the beginning of a strong movement in the central part of the State, and its development was due largely to the energy and consecration of the Rev. Theophilus B. Roth. To his indomitable spirit, together with the devotion of Redeemer Church, is due the organizing of Holy Communion Church in that same city, the Church of the Redeemer, Binghamton, and the First English Lutheran Church and the Church of the Redeemer, Syracuse.

In 1895 there were fifteen congregations of the Minis-

terium using the English language exclusively, and they petitioned for permission to organize an English Conference. The matter was laid on the table for consideration in the following year; then it was committed to a special committee which created a plan for an English Conference within the bounds of the Ministerium. In October of that year the English Conference came into being and held its first meeting, having on its roll fifteen pastors and fifteen congregations. The zeal of the English Conference in starting new churches frequently caused friction with the German congregations. The life of this new infant was not always smooth, and the parent sometimes found its child quite an embarrassment! The officers of the Ministerium were constantly busy in arbitrating between conflicting claims.

At a meeting of the English Conference held in Christ Church, Brooklyn, September, 1901, certain resolutions were passed in regard to organizing an English Synod. In accordance with the recommendation of the Conference, an informal meeting was immediately held to consider the matter and to devise a plan whereby such an organization might be effected. A second meeting of those interested was held in the Church of the Redeemer, Albany, January 28–29th, 1902. At this meeting, after a long discussion, resolutions were adopted, among them one requesting the President of the English Conference to appoint a committee of five to draft a memorial to the Ministerium, asking that letters of dismissal be granted the English pastors and congregations to enable them to organize a new Synod. The committee consisted of Pastors Dr. Kahler, Dr. Kretschmann, Sibole, Mayle, and Bieber.

At the twelfth semi-annual meeting of the English Conference in Holy Trinity Church, Elizabeth, N. J., June 3–4th, 1902, Dr. Kahler presented the report of the committee, to the effect that the Lutheran Church

on the territory occupied by the Ministerium had arrived at "another point of far-reaching significance." It then continued:

> Under the wise arrangement which gave to the English department of our Synod special privileges and powers of a Conference, that part of the Ministerium's field has wonderfully prospered. So great has been this development that the members of the English Conference have come to the unanimous conviction that the share of the Ministerium's work with which they have been entrusted can best be done if they have the privileges and powers of a Synod.

The report concluded with the following petition:

> That the Venerable Ministerium grant to all members of the English Conference, pastors and congregations, the permission to organize an English Lutheran Synod, upon the doctrinal basis of the General Council and to be connected with that body, and to stand in full sympathy and accord with the mother Synod, the Venerable Ministerium of New York, to be recognized as a child of its history and life.

This was unanimously adopted by the English Conference and was presented to the Rev. George C. F. Haas, president of the Ministerium, to be submitted at the session of the Ministerium, at its meeting in Middle Village, N. Y., the following week, when the Ministerium adopted the report of the committee honorably to dismiss the pastors and congregations in question so that they might organize an English Synod on this territory. This action was to go into effect immediately at the close of that meeting. The preceding conditions had been so tense in many parts of the Ministerium that we

were doubtful as to favorable action in regard to our request. It was, therefore, a happy surprise when the Ministerium so whole-heartedly voted to grant the petition.

The pastors and representatives of the congregations thus dismissed met for temporary organization in the School House of Trinity Church, Middle Village, on Tuesday, June 10th, 1902. The officers of the English Conference were elected to their positions in the new Synod by the temporary organization. A committee of five was appointed to draft a constitution, the committee consisting of the Revs. A. Steimle, C. Armand Miller, H. S. Knabenschuh, M. S. Waters, and H. Douglas Spaeth.

The provisional name of the new organization was to be the English Synod of New York, and a meeting for permanent organization was called for the fourth Tuesday in September at 10 a. m., in the Church of the Redeemer, Utica, N. Y.

It was a happy group of enthusiastic and consecrated young men who met in Utica on that morning to embark upon the solemn enterprise of organizing a new Synod. There was no one but felt the boundless opportunities that were opening before us.

> Our faces are set toward the future [said President W. F. Bacher, of Kingston, N. Y., in his opening sermon]. The development of the rich field that we occupy will constitute the chief part of our work for many years. Our principal territory consists of the State of New York, the richest and most powerful state in the Union, rightly called the Empire State. We have in Greater New York a municipality whose increase in wealth and population has been marvelous, and in the metropolitan district we have a mission field that

> has given some evidence of its needs and resources in the remarkable development that has already taken place in one of its larger divisions. At the western end of the state another exceedingly fertile field lies before us, while throughout the interior many places would doubtless well repay investigation. In addition to the wonderful field that is ours in this state, there are possibilities of development in the many busy manufacturing cities of the New England states which alone would justify the application of organized effort, while to the north another promising region claims recognition.

Some of the finest men in this splendid group have since passed on. The Rev. C. Armand Miller, the scholarly, genial pastor of Holy Trinity Church, New York City; the Rev. F. W. Klingensmith, pastor of the Convention Church who was destined for strong leadership in the Church; the Rev. H. Douglas Spaeth, who came to his ministry enriched with the choicest gifts of European culture; and the Rev. J. Luther Sibole, "an Israelite in whom there is no guile."

Among the laymen were the Hon. Charles A. Schieren; Mr. William Hengerer, merchant prince of Buffalo; the Hon. Henry Martin, at one time mayor of Utica; Mr. Henry Schwabeland, for thirty-nine years superintendent of the Holy Trinity Church Sunday School, New York; and Mr. J. Herman Lins, an able representative of the intelligent lay leadership which the new Synod was to develop. Mr. J. F. Dinkey, still chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Church of the Reformation, Rochester, was our first treasurer.

The report of the Committee on Constitution occupied most of the time of the first Convention. It was presented by its chairman, the Rev. A. Steimle, then pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, and now of

the Church of the Advent, New York City. The name that was adopted, the Synod of New York and New England, was both distinctive and definitive. It emphasized the need of extending the work into the growing cities of the New England states, an heritage which we have, even to-day, not largely occupied. The consitution planned for a more effective administration, and the powers that were given to the president were more far-reaching than those given to the executive of any other Synod.

The Synod was fortunate in signalizing its first Convention by the ordination of a candidate to the ministry in the person of Mr. Carl F. Intemann, who has ministered to Grace Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., throughout the entire life of the Synod.

The new Synod decided to unite with the General Council,a body which in 1918 merged into the United Lutheran Church. The president of the Council at that time was the Rev. Mattis C. Ranseen, of the Augustana Synod.

The names of the pastors who formed the new Synod together with the names of their churches and the dates when the congregations were organized, were as follows:

> The Reverends William Frederick Bacher, Church of the Redeemer, Kingston (1897); Albert Louis Benze, Holy Trinity, Jamestown, N. Y. (1887); James Berg, English Lutheran, Mt. Vernon (1895); M. J. Bieber, Church of the Redeemer, Binghamton, N. Y. (1889); Henry C. Erbes, Trinity, Rochester, N. Y. (1892); F. F. Fry, Church of the Reformation, Rochester, N. Y. (1868); Luther D. Gable, St. Stephen's, Brooklyn, N. Y. (1898); Charles W. Jefferis, Church of the Resurrection, Brooklyn, N. Y. (1900); Carl F. Intemann, Grace, Brook-

lyn, N. Y. (1902); Frederick A. Kahler, D.D., Holy Trinity, Buffalo, N. Y. (1879); John Keehley, Holy Trinity, Elmira, N. Y. (1899); Edwin F. Keever, St. Mark's Boston, Mass. (1891); U. J. Klingensmith, Church of the Redeemer, Syracuse, N. Y. (1892); F. W. Klingensmith, Church of the Redeemer, Utica, N. Y. (1878); H. S. Knabenschuh, Christ, Brooklyn, N. Y. (1895); Frederick C. Krapf, Holy Trinity, Elizabeth, N. J., (1896); T. W. Kretschmann, PH.D., Church of the Atonement, Buffalo, N. Y. (1895); J. I. Miller, D. D., Zion, Bernardsville, N. J. (1902); L. F. Mayle, St. Paul's, Rochester, N. Y. (1898); C. Armand Miller, Holy Trinity, New York City (1868); Harry P. Miller, Church of the Reformation, Brooklyn, N. Y. (1898); W. E. Murray, Grace, Rochester, N. Y. (1889); Stephen Paulson, Holy Trinity, New Rochelle, N. Y. (1899); Charles S. Rahn, St. John's, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. (1901); John Charles Reichert, Emmanuel, Albany, N. Y. (1898); J. C. F. Rupp, St. Paul's, Morrisburg, Canada, (1875); and St. John's, Morrisburg, Canada, (1784); John Shunk, St. Peter's, North Williamsburg, Canada, (1827) and St. Luke's, Dunbar, (1880); John L. Sibole, Church of the Redeemer, Buffalo, N. Y. (1896); John W. Smith, Church of the Redeemer, Yonkers, N. Y. (1902); H. Douglas Spaeth, Church of the Redeemer, Albany, N. Y. (1888); A. Steimle, Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, N. Y. (1895); William H. Steinbicker, Church of the Incarnation, Brooklyn, N. Y. (1902); Samuel Trexler, Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y. (1899); Mosheim S. Waters, Grace, Newark, N. J. (1889); and S. G. Weiskotten, Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, N. Y. (1894).

Since the organization of the Synod the following congregations have come to us from other Synodical bodies:—St. Peter's, Verona, N. Y. (1841); St. Paul's, Liverpool, N. Y. (1854); Epiphany, New York City (1880); Holy Communion, Utica, N. Y. (1887); Tabor, Buffalo, N. Y. (1893); and Advent, New York City (1897). St. Peter's, Verona, which is the oldest congregation in the Synod, came from the Ministerium of New York. It is our only congregation in a purely rural community. It is constantly expressing its very sincere life by its intelligent interest and loyal support of every work of the Church. The Church of the Advent and Epiphany Church, New York City, were transferred by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, and the Church of the Holy Communion, Utica, and St. Paul's, Liverpool, by the Ministerium of New York. Tabor Church, Buffalo, came from the Missouri Synod.

CHAPTER III

CHURCH BUILDING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

The life of the Church is an ever-recurring miracle. The twentieth century makes this miracle more pronounced. The natural trend is for a man to live in the outward things, which have never before been so engrossing and forceful. The titans both of business and of recreation are so voracious that they readily consume the life of the ordinary individual. The enterprise of making a living to-day is so strenuously competitive that it exhausts the vitality of its victim, who rushes to golf and motoring in a hectic endeavor to recover the strength he has lost. This insatiable activity never leaves time for the life of the spirit.

Despite this there is a life within the Church which but needs the fostering care of some mother group of Christians to bring it to full strength and maturity. The sponsoring of this mission life has been so urgent upon our Church in this country that she has spent herself in this direction. Many other problems which are as yet unsolved by the Lutheran Church have been waiting on her home mission problems. But when will our land ever be possessed?

This was the impulse which brought into being the Synod of New York and New England. Its organizers were men who were filled with the missionary zeal. At the eastern end of New York State there was the Brooklyn Missionary Society, composed of three congre-

gations (the oldest, but four years old) called into being in 1898 by the Rev. Samuel G. Weiskotten, with whom were associated the Rev. A. Steimle, the Rev. H. S. Knabenschuh, the Hon. Charles A. Schieren, and several other laymen. Throughout its history it was responsible for the organizing of fifteen churches in Brooklyn and Long Island.

The pastors of these youthful churches were for the most part young men who came direct from the seminary, giving themselves, untiringly, to the upbuilding of their work. Among these was my brother Charles, who, in 1906, organized the Church of the Good Shepherd in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, and whose parish to-day has a strength of 2,500 baptized members. The influence of these missionaries upon the community was strengthened by the fact that their pastorates, in many instances, continued for twenty years and more. They have outlived a succession of pastors in the neighboring Protestant churches. The story of this mission development is rarely equalled in the history of the Church.

In the western end of the State another form of mission enterprise was being felt. The mother congregation of the English Lutheran Church in Buffalo, with its pastor, the Rev. Dr. F. A. Kahler, was in itself a church extension society. Six churches were organized by this far-visioned leader and his devoted laymen. Each time a substantial group of Holy Trinity members was dismissed to assist in the formation of a new congregation. To-day this mother congregation has a life stronger than at any other period in its history, and with the largest baptized membership—2,712 souls—of any congregation in the Synod. In Rochester, Reformation Church again and again gave out its life, and constructive work is there being done under the Rochester Mis-

sion Union, which was organized by the Rev. J. E. Whitteker while pastor of that congregation. Dr. Whitteker, who died in 1925, made a rich contribution to the Lutheran Church in his work for missions and education. The story of Grace Church, Rochester, which he founded in 1889, has been told in an historical sketch published for the jubilee celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Reformation Church, November 3rd, 1918. The newly organized Mission Union purchased a lot at the corner of Bay and Niagara Streets, where a church was built and furnished.

> A considerable number of members were dismissed in a body to form the nucleus of Grace Church [states the historical sketch]. Remembering the timely gifts which had been received from friends in the early days of Reformation, it emulated their spirit. Thus there were two English Lutheran churches in the city. Two beacon lights were kindled.
>
> Pastor Whitteker was right. Instead of weakening the congregation by numerous dismissals, it gained strength and momentum. The Mission Union held the title to the property until the new enterprise was able to assume full control. Then it was turned over to Grace Church as a free gift. Not one dollar was asked of the Synod or the General Council. It was home mission work of the most approved type.

Holy Trinity Church, in New York City, gave to the Synod with the same spirit, having, through its pastor and laymen, organized Holy Trinity, Elizabeth, N. J.; Holy Trinity, New Rochelle, N. Y.; and Holy Trinity, East Orange, N. J. Through the work of some of Holy Trinity's members, the Church of the Epiphany,

New York City, came into being; and the Church of the Advent, New York City, while not established by Holy Trinity, was actually at the outset composed of members who left Holy Trinity to found the new congregation.

The field offered by the growing industrial communities of New England was entered by Field Missionary Dr. M. J. Bieber, in the years 1904–5. The congregations at Hartford and New Britain are but the beginnings of a larger work that must be done in this stronghold of New England Congregationalism. The influx of Scandinavians into these cities of Puritan tradition is calling loudly to the Synod.

The Rev. George C. Loos served as Field Missionary for the General Council in the metropolitan district of our Synod from 1908 till 1913; and the Rev. William H. Steinbicker from 1914 till 1919. The mission work of these years shows the fruit of their faithful labors.

The Church of the Redeemer at Binghamton felt the responsibility of its community, and gave the incentive to the organizing of churches in the industrial towns of Endicott and Johnson City.

Since the organizing of the Synod there has scarcely been a year in which some new congregation was not brought into being. In 1912 there was apparently no mission policy, and 1918 was fruitless undoubtedly due to the war. A study of the church contribution of each year in the life of the Synod will prove interesting to all who know its history. In the first year of the Synod's life the newly organized enthusiasm expressed itself in four congregations, scattered over the entire stretch of the Synod. A like number was formed in 1916 and again in 1925; while 1906 was a record year with five new congregations. It is beyond question that in each of the congregations that has been organized

the growth has gone beyond the expectation of its founders.

The churches formed year by year are as follows:

1903—Grace, Perth Amboy, N. J.; St. John's, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Redeemer, Yonkers, N. Y.; and Grace, Dunkirk, N. Y.

1904—Grace, Buffalo, N. Y.

1905—Good Shepherd, Wechawken, N. J.

1906—Good Shepherd, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Andrew's, Brooklyn; St. Paul's, Hartford, Conn.; Reformation, New Britain, Conn.; and Grace, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

1907—Ascension, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1908—St. John's, Summit, N. J.; and St. Luke's, Woodhaven, N. Y.

1909—Holy Trinity, East Orange, N. J.; and Christ, Freeport, N. Y.

1910—Covenant, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Reformation, Buffalo, N. Y.; and Concord, West Greece, N. Y.

1911—Resurrection, Buffalo, N. Y.

1913—Parkside, Buffalo, N. Y.

1914—St. Paul's, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

1915—Redeemer, Rochester, N. Y.

1916—St. Peter's, Baldwin, N. Y.; Grace, North Bellmore, N. Y.; Advent, Newark, N. J.; and St. Paul's, Johnson City, N. Y.

1917—St. John's, Merrick, N. Y.

1919—Kensington, Buffalo, N. Y.; and the Lutheran Association, Ithaca, N. Y.

1920—Holy Nativity, Endicott, N. Y.

1921—St. James's, Woodhaven, N. Y.

1922—Emmanuel, Rochester, N. Y.

1923—Ascension, Franklin Square, N. Y.; and Redeemer, Queens, N. Y.

1924—Messiah, Flushing, N. Y.; and Hollis Circle Lutheran, Hollis Circle, N. Y.

1925—Good Shepherd, Bellaire, N. Y.; Resurrection, Rochester, N. Y.; Holy Trinity, Nutley, N. J.; and First English, Blasdell, Buffalo, N. Y.

1926—Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, N. Y.

With the organization of the United Lutheran Church in 1918, a more centralized mission policy was adopted. For two years our Synod shared with the New York Synod the services of the Rev. Dr. Karl Zinssmeister as missionary superintendent. The increasing opportunities compelled the Synod to look for more thoroughgoing methods, and in 1923 it called the Rev. James Berg as missionary superintendent, to give all his time to the work on our territory. He came to his task with a unique equipment which had come not only from a pastoral experience but also from political and commercial life. He conveys an infectious enthusiasm for missionary work through his bubbling spirit and genial personality. Wherever he goes he is *persona grata.*

The organizing of new churches now goes at a totally different pace. In the past generations the organizing of a congregation required almost the life of a generation. In our new work, especially in the environs of great cities, the first canvass is made, services begun, the congregation organized, property bought, the pastor called, the building erected—all within the space of a year. In such a life the work of the missionary superintendent is at once a joy and a very absorbing occupation. Many of the leaders in the new congregations had a half dead interest in their former churches. It is worthy of note that with the life of a new congregation their interest in the Church undergoes a new birth. It demonstrates the fact that the members of a church who

express themselves in the life work of the church then have a real interest.

Many congregations have been organized in places as lowly as the birthplace of our Lord. A new congregation is usually organized in a store room, or in lodge rooms. When these are unavailable or too costly, almost any space is pressed into service. Sometimes it is the home of a deeply interested person, or it may be the firehouse. Redeemer Church, Queens, in the early beginnings under the Rev. Theodore V. Moldenke, Th.B., worshipped in a two-car garage, where on Sunday mornings the cars were pushed out into the open, and oil stoves introduced. At such a service I once preached to a congregation of seventy, which so crowded the garage that there was no room for the preacher to robe.

In former days there was a lack of men to shepherd these new churches. Two new developments have gone to change the situation. The new method of missionizing and the quick response keenly whet the appetite of any man eager to do active service. Older and younger men are, therefore, eager to express themselves in such a living enterprise. At our Convention, held in the Cornell Chapel, in 1925, we received five such young men—George Olaf Bjerkoe, Luther F. Gerhart, Harry Kreider, Carl Adam Veit Miller, and Peter Christian Schroder—and our Synodical Committee on More Men for the Ministry encourages the young men of our congregations who have a real vocation for the ministry.

The congregations of the Synod which have given sons to the ministry are as follows:

> Redeemer, Utica, N. Y., the Revs. A. J. Reichert, the late W. F. Rick, who was chaplain in the U. S. Army during the Spanish War, Paul H. Roth, F. C. Martin, J. Frederick Bermon, Luther B. Scheehl and G. Charles Goehring; Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Revs. Charles E.

Dort, Charles Fredericks, Henry Moehling, George Nelson, Arthur Gregory Marcell, William G. Klett and Peter C. Schroder; Reformation Church, Rochester, N. Y., the Revs. Frederick C. Wunder and Franklin Clark Fry: Redeemer, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Revs. Carl G. Toebke and Herbert T. Weiskotten, Ph.D.; the Church of the Redeemer, Albany, the Revs. Clarence E. Krumbholz and John Strenge; Holy Trinity, Buffalo, N. Y., the Rev. Clarence Schaertel; the Church of the Good Shepherd, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. George Bjerkoe; Reformation Church, Brooklyn, the Rev. Paul Rudh; and the Church of the Advent, New York City, the Rev. Walter Krumwiede, B.D.

The number of students preparing themselves for the pastorate is on the upward bound. In the year 1925 there were more students at our seminaries than ever before in the life of our Church. Some of the Synod's strength lies in the pastorates which have been going on for a score of years or more. It is hard to evaluate the influence of a pastorate sustained over a number of years. Such a pastorate demands much more than one which lasts only a few years, but it much more richly compensates. In Buffalo Dr. Kahler has ministered to Holy Trinity Church for forty-two years. In Syracuse the Rev. U. J. Klingensmith has served Redeemer Church throughout its history of thirty-four years. Trinity Church, Rochester, in 1923, happily celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its pastor, the Rev. Henry C. Erbes; and the Church of the Reformation, Rochester, will this year celebrate Dr. Fry's ministry of twenty-five years. The Rev. M. S. Waters, has been thirty-four years at Grace Church, Newark; the Rev. Luther D. Gable, twenty-eight years in St. Stephen's, Brooklyn; the Rev. Carl F. Intemann, twenty-four years in Grace Church, Brooklyn; the Rev. Edwin Lunn Miller, twenty-three years in St. Mark's, Boston, Mass.;

and the Rev. C. A. Ritchie, twenty-one years at Redeemer, Binghamton, N. Y. The Rev. Robert E. Schlotter, Grace Church, Perth Amboy, N. J., and the Rev. Charles D. Trexler, Good Shepherd, Brooklyn, have each completed a pastorate of twenty years. The Rev. E. H. Boettger has served Grace Church, Buffalo, throughout its history of twenty-three years, with the exception of a three years' ministry at St. Paul's Church, Toronto. The late Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Weiskotten concluded thirty years in the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn.

On a par with the loyal work of the pastors in developing the life of our Synod must stand the faithful, intelligent, and sometimes even more sacrificial effort of the wives of the pastors. They have not only sustained the pastors in their difficult problems, but have taken an active leadership in the work of the Church. They have helped to give a more spiritual tone to the Sunday School, and, in the women's societies, for a long period the entire responsibility of the mission propaganda rested on their shoulders. It is a sign of the growing church that during these later years women, outside of the parsonage, are being trained for responsible leadership. It is an encouraging sign that into many parishes there are coming trained women workers. Deaconesses are being put on the staff of congregations as rapidly as they are available, and many churches are now finding it impossible to do their work without one or more trained women workers.

CHAPTER IV

UNIVERSITY WORK

The work in Messiah Church was so absorbing that I oftentimes thought of myself as spending my entire ministry in this, my first, parish. In the meantime new forces were developing, and I was an unconscious factor in the change that was to come.

At the ninth Convention of the Synod of New York and New England, which was held in the Church of the Redeemer, Binghamton, N. Y., in 1910, the President, the Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Weiskotten, in his report, called for a new impetus to bring men into the ministry. The tremendous home mission work of our Synod was restricted by the lack of pastors.

Dr. Weiskotten appointed a Committee on More Men for the Ministry, which was to study the problem and present some *modus operandi* at the following Convention. This committee consisted of the Rev. William M. Horn, the Rev. F. B. Clausen, and myself, as chairman. Among other findings, the committee reported at the Convention held in Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1911, that the Church was losing her hold upon many of her potential leaders, by reason of the fact that the large proportion of our young people were in attendance upon the non-Church institutions of learning. Properly cultivated, this must be a rich field for the recruiting of men for the ministry. The committee was further charged with the business of investigating the matter of calling a student pastor, and to report its findings to the next Convention of Synod.

At the meeting in St. Mark's Church, Boston, in 1912, the following recommendation of the committee was unanimously adopted: "That the Executive Committee be empowered upon nomination by this committee to call a student pastor who shall take up work among the Lutheran students in Cornell, Syracuse, Columbia, Yale, and Harvard universities in connection with the local churches." An estimate of our Lutheran young people at these schools showed that at least 800 who were receiving instruction there in this formative period were entirely out of touch with their own Church. For the maintenance of their own spiritual life as well as for the value they would give to the Church in future leadership, this step was vital. After repeated efforts to find a pastor who could take up this new vocation, the other two members of the committee came to me with the conviction that the committee's chairman was the man best circumstanced to take up this work.

The challenge of this appeal came to me with no uncertain sound; and on December 1st, 1912, I laid down the pastorate of Messiah Church in order to initiate the new work among the students on the territory at our Synod. Work of this kind had been done in the state universities of the West, but at the schools where I was to minister it was a path untrodden.

My first attack was upon Cornell University, where the work seemed in many ways most difficult, inasmuch as there was no Lutheran Church at or near the university. The two immediate problems to be met were the attitude of the authorities and the possible response of the students. Acting President T. F. Crane extended a most cordial welcome and opened every avenue to the new ambassador from the Lutheran Church. The former president of the university, states-

man and thinker, Andrew D. White, spent an evening discussing this work. One hundred and ten young men and women from our churches were found at this centre, and with no exception were happy to greet the pastor of their own church.

At Harvard, President Lawrence Lowell placed the resources of the university at my disposal, even to the submitting of students' records so as to make more effective the "shepherding of the students," to use his own phrase. Professor Anson Phelps Stokes, and, later, President A. T. Hadley, opened the way for me at Yale. All along the line each institution extended hearty co-operation, as a result of the recognized need for more to be done for the religious life of the students and the conviction that the university was unable to fill this need. Professor Edward Caldwell Moore, the chairman of the Board of Preachers at Harvard University, expressed it thus: "Where the entire religious machinery of the university breaks down, there this work of your Church comes in." The same conviction was expressed by President Henry S. Pritchett in his Carnegie report in 1911.

I immediately felt that my largest opportunity in this work must be the personal relationship which should be cultivated with the students. At some of the schools I organized the students into a club which met periodically, when men of their Church might come to them, keeping the great ideals of the Church before them and helping in the solution of the many problems that must come to the growing mind. I also immediately saw the value of bringing the students of our various Synodical bodies together, and thus plant in them the need for a unified Lutheran Church in America. The impelling motive for the creation of this office was the securing of men for the ministry. The attractiveness of this vocation was kept before my

student friends, and the work as since developed has brought rich fruit along this line.

For two years I served this peripatetic ministry, making my centre at Columbia and spending several weeks in residence at each of the universities committed to my care. During the second year of my pastorate, I visited the young women's schools on our territory—Smith College, Vassar, Wellesley, and Mt. Holyoke.

At universities where students were registered according to their church connection, my approach to them was very much simplified. On arriving at any one of the schools I could secure the list of our students, either from the registrar or from the Y. M. C. A. By mail I notified them of my presence and of my being in residence at one of the university buildings for consultation. At Harvard, Phillips Brooks House gave delightful opportunity for such consultation. The university dailies also assisted by announcing my presence and my work. Throughout the day the students were active in their various pursuits, but I would spend evenings in meeting them in their dormitories or fraternity houses. The fraternities and clubs would often invite me to be their guest at dinner and then to speak to the students. At Ithaca and Syracuse I lived at my own fraternity house, Phi Gamma Delta, and had the joy of re-living student days.

My experience with students in my own land whetted my appetite for a knowledge of the student life at the great continental universities. During the winter of 1913 I had come to know Professor Rudolf Eucken, of the University of Jena, who was then having a triumphal tour through America, lecturing on the supremacy of the spiritual life. This warm-hearted, nervous, little German professor was everywhere winning friends for his culture. At a dinner one night in the Lotos Club, New York, I told him of my work among the

students, and he forthwith invited me to come to Jena. I accepted his invitation and immediately planned to spend the summer semester visiting some of the German universities.

At Professor Eucken's request I first went to Jena, that venerable university with a proud history of almost four centuries behind it. Among its professors were Schiller, Fichte, and, at the time of my visit there, Haeckel was still alive. One felt, however, the dawn of a new period, and that the philosophy of Eucken was then in the ascendant.

I lived at the Black Bear Inn, where Luther in 1522, disguised as a knight, entertained the two Swiss students, when on his way from the Wartburg to Wittenberg to settle the unfortunate political disturbances which had risen among the peasants. On the heights beyond the town was the field where Napoleon defeated the Prussian Army in 1806, and a mile outside the town was the famous castle of Goethe. It was delightful to move in this romantic atmosphere, but it was still more stimulating to sit at the feet of men like Eucken. His lectures usually began at seven o'clock in the morning and his classrooms were crowded with ardent listeners. In his home he was most hospitable, but one of the distinct impressions that still lingers with me is the scantiness of his library. A man who could write so voluminously apparently did so by developing his own thought rather than depending upon others.

My greatest interest was in the life of the students. I missed the more wholesome quality of the life among our American students. There was much intellectual discussion, but it would have been much more wholesome had it been in the open air rather than in the fetid fumes of public halls where beer mugs were filled and re-filled. I wish the students might have had the bracing exercise which is the lot of the average American

student. The two things at which they excelled were fencing and sabring. One Saturday I accompanied a group of students to a small village near Jena to witness a combat between two student corps. The result in broken faces was so gory that I was compelled to leave the scene. I can still see the white teeth of a young student through the slash in his cheek.

One of the remarkable tendencies in American college life is the initiative with which many men support themselves throughout the entire period of school. This is frequently true even of the leaders in college circles; and I came to the conviction that the man who must work his way through is more fortunate than the man who is pampered with too much money. Among the German students there was an unfortunate pride which prevented a man, even the poorest, from doing any manual labor. There was, consequently, a group among whom poverty existed, and who were undoubtedly retarded by this condition.

Among my happy experiences at Jena was my acquaintance with Professor Rhein, who was Germany's authority in pedagogy. I had been introduced to him by Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University. Professor Rhein showed me the public schools of his city, and I shall never forget the recital, one morning, by a boy of nine, of the story of the Wartburg. His joy and eagerness in telling this, one of the favorite tales of the Fatherland, showed me how the educational system had made even the youngest of the children love the traditions of the country.

From Jena I went to the University of Halle, which was rich in tradition for me because of its association with Muhlenberg and the early development of our Church in America. Here I came to know Professor von Dobschutz, who visited America in the winter of 1913-14 as the Harvard exchange professor.

While I was at Halle the university inducted a new Rector, Professor Kattenbusch, who was the head of the theological faculty. The ceremony was attended with all the medieval color, and might well have been placed in some presentation of a Wagnerian opera.

At Leipsic I became acquainted with the real giants of German thought. One of the greatest minds of his generation was Professor Wilhelm Wundt, who, then at the age of eighty, was drawing large classes and was untiring in his investigations of every form of thought Among the interesting personalities of the theological faculty whom I met were two men who were to play a great part in world Lutheranism, Professor Ludwig Ihmels, professor of dogmatics, who is now Bishop of the Church in Saxony, and Dr. Soderblom, who had been loaned to Leipsic by the Church in Sweden for a year's lectures. He is now Archbishop of Upsala.

I completed my German visitation with Berlin, which, in its unlimited program and its large number of students, gave me the impression of our own Columbia University. It was a great privilege to listen to some of the older men, such as Professor Harnach, and to come to know men like Deissmann, who is still, today, one of the leaders in New Testament thought.

The religious life of the German students was not much in evidence. My German stay ended with a conference of Christian students at Wernigerode, in the Harz mountains. Then I found that German leaders were making an effort to do the same as we in America, but I felt the effort was meeting many more obstacles.

Before sailing for America I allowed myself a week at Homburg, internationally famous as a watering place, and then very gay with the presence of the German Court. One could expect at any time to be thrilled by the dash through the streets of the imperial motor car, and sometimes by the more attractive picture

of the Kaiser and his spouse returning from a horseback ride.

One Saturday evening I took a walk along a road that led through acres of pine forests. In the distance I heard the song of a large chorus of men. It strengthened as it approached, and then a regiment of soldiers passed me. The song receded, and then died away. It gave me the impression of the Pilgrims' Chorus in "Tannhauser."

I proceeded still farther into a smaller byway of the forest, and presently came to an opening among the trees, possibly twenty feet square. I stood resting for a moment when in from the other side came three men, one of whom I immediately recognized as the German Emperor. My heart almost stopped beating. One of his aides came across the space to ask me kindly to wait. Presently a motor car came along, and took the three men away.

On my return to my work that fall I had the feeling that the Church in the older countries was not so alert in the important matter of caring for the students as was the Church in America. I also had the conviction that the leaders in Europe felt keenly the need of such shepherding of the students.

Reviewing my work as a student pastor, I would say that the respect in which our plan of the first year failed was in its lack of intensity. The student pastor's visits were too infrequent. A more definite continuity had to be established. This policy has now come into existence by the locating of Pastor Horn at Cornell, and Pastor N. D. Goehring at Boston. Though these congregations may not be as large as they are in the normal pastorate, yet the potential value to the Church of each one of these trained leaders gives the work an importance that is quite beyond any reckoning.

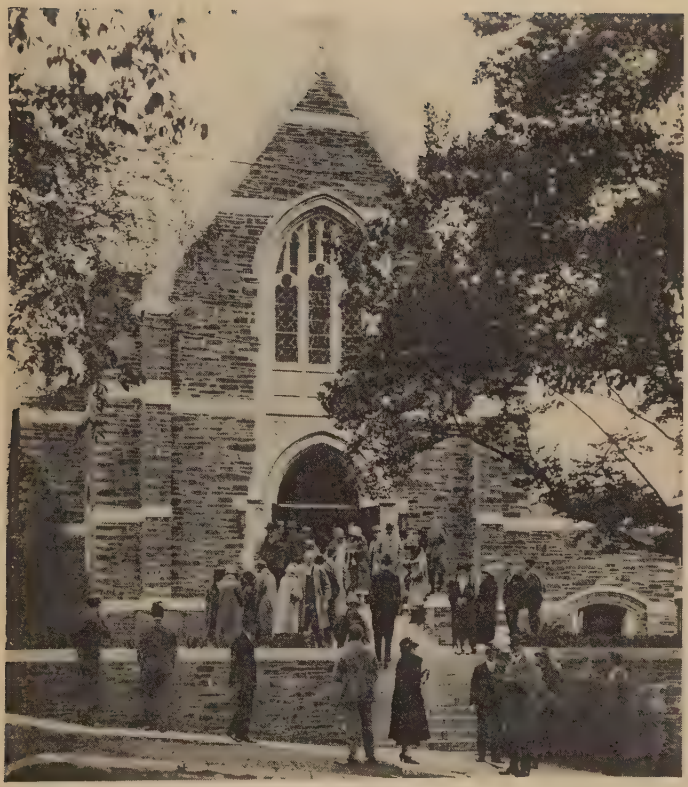
CHAPTER V

THE CORNELL CHAPEL

The work among the students at Cornell University was so insistent that some emergency plan was immediately formulated. During the interim between the regular pastorates, the Lutheran Club at Cornell was served by the Rev. C. A. Ritchie, of the Church of the Redeemer, Binghamton, and the Rev. John Hassler, of Holy Trinity Church, Elmira, N. Y. These pastors came to Ithaca every fortnight for an evening service and a visitation of the students the day following.

In 1916 the Executive Committee called as resident pastor at Cornell University the Rev. Edwin F. Keever, D.D., former president of Synod. On account of his service as chaplain in the First New York Cavalry on the Mexican border, he could not begin his work before March 14th of that year. He resigned in July, 1917, when he was ordered overseas, where he served with distinction as chaplain in the American Expeditionary Force. In his place the Synod called the Rev. William M. Horn, pastor of the Church of the Advent, New York City, and formerly president of the Synod. He began his duties on December 1st, 1917, and has developed the work among the students to its present unique strength.

The first movement for a church building was made during the supply pastorate of the Rev. C. A. Ritchie, in 1915 when a letter was received by the Synod from



THE LUTHERAN CHURCH AT THE GATE OF CORNELL CAMPUS

the Lutheran students asking for help and pledging themselves to do all in their power. This request was referred to the Executive Committee of the Synod for action. At the meeting of the Synod in the Church of the Redeemer, Buffalo, in 1917, authority was granted the resident pastor to raise $6,000 for a house which was to serve both as a home for the pastor and a centre for the students' activities. Our entrance into the war halted any plan, for the time being. The Lutheran Association of Ithaca, which was the outcome of the Lutheran Club, renewed its request at a meeting of the Executive Committee in New York City, on March 7th, 1922. After a careful study of the whole situation, the Executive Committee recommended plans for building and raising the needed funds. These plans were endorsed and put into action at the Convention of the Synod held in Grace Church, Rochester, New York, in June, 1922.

Under the pastorate of Mr. Horn the student work became more definitely organized, and services which were originally held in Barnes Hall were transferred to the manse, the spacious old Colonial building which also gave a roof to the pastor and his family. The associations of the manse will linger long and happily in the memories of the many students who went in and out there. The Synod paid the salary of the resident pastor, but the increasing budget for rental and other expenses was met by the students. The accommodation here offered became too small for the expanding work, and with fine foresight the Lutheran Association bought a commanding property on Oak Avenue, fronting upon the main entrance to the University. The property included a good house which was to be the residence of the pastor, and, besides, ample ground on which to build the future chapel.

The Synod of New York and New England had

heretofore taken its part in the general educational work of the Church, and had assisted in the strengthening of institutions belonging to other Synods. It was represented on the directorate both of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., and of the Theological Seminary in Philadelphia. It had supported the regular work of these schools and had assisted in the campaign for their enlargement. Through the influence of the Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Weiskotten, the Hon. Charles A. Schieren had given $50,000 to endow a professorship in the Seminary in Philadelphia.

> There is an interesting story about this $50,000 gift [the late Dr. Weiskotten wrote]. Although we had frequently talked this matter over, Mr. Schieren had not come to any definite conclusion. Early one Saturday evening the telephone rang, and when I took up the receiver I heard his voice greeting me most heartily, after his return from a brief vacation in the South. As he asked various questions about the work of the Church, the thought flashed through my mind that this was the opportune moment to settle the matter of the proposed professorship. So I said, "Although this is Saturday night, and hardly a time for a visit, can you spare me a few minutes if I call at the house?" At once he answered, "Come right down, I'll be happy to see you."
>
> So at eight o'clock I was in his den. For just ten minutes, by my watch, I remained, and in that space of time he had given me the promise of the $50,000, and arranged for me to call at his office Monday morning for the papers. He afterward referred to it laughingly as the talk which cost him $5,000 a minute for ten consecutive minutes.

The Rev. Dr. Charles M. Jacobs was elected to this chair and installed in the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, as the Charles A. Schieren Professor of the Synod of New York and New England in the Philadelphia Seminary, on December 3rd, 1913. Mr. Schieren stipulated that the Synod should have the right to nominate the incumbent of that professorship; and from its inception the incumbent has been Dr. Jacobs.

In the Lutheran Church at Ithaca, for the first time, the Synod faced an enterprise which was no longer of a general educational character, but definitely its own. The plans of the architect called for a building to cost approximately $100,000; the final cost, however, with complete furnishings and an organ—the latter given by Mrs. Oscar F. Zollikoffer, who had already given $10,000 toward the cost of the site—has amounted to $145,000.

At the Rochester Convention in 1922, the president appointed a committee consisting of Messrs. William H. Stackel, Robert F. Bowe, and Phillip J. Kuhn, and Pastors Carl F. Intemann and Hermann F. Miller, who, together with the resident pastor and the president of the Synod, constituted the Campaign Executive Committee. An intensive campaign for funds was conducted in January of 1923, and more than $90,000 was immediately secured. In June of that year sufficient funds were on hand to warrant the breaking of ground on May 13th. The corner stone was laid by the president of the Synod on October 21st, 1923. Greetings were brought by the president of Cornell University, the mayor of Ithaca, the president of the local Ministers' Association, and the chairman of the Synodical Campaign Committee.

In the beginning of 1924, the Lutheran Association occupied the crypt of the new building, and in

October of that year the entire building was occupied. Plans were made for the consecration of the new building at the Twenty-fourth Convention of the Synod in June, 1925, when the Synod was to be the guest of the Lutheran Association at Ithaca.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June 10th, the business of the Synod was set aside, and our church was consecrated to the worship and service of the Triune God. The Rev. Henry E. Jacobs, D.D., LL.D., S.T.D., president of the Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, delivered the address, and the service of dedication was in the charge of the officers of the Synod. The Church of the Reformation, Rochester, N. Y., had sent its boy choir of sixty voices to lead the service. Besides the regular delegates of the Synod, friends had come from every part of our district. The president of the University, Dr. Livingston Farrand, was unable to be present, but sent a letter of greeting, part of which read: "I am glad to express on behalf of Cornell University our appreciation of what the Lutheran Church has done, and is doing in creating and maintaining a sound religious interest in its communicants among our students. I know of nothing more important than that, and it cannot be accomplished by college courses."

The church is a perfect expression of Gothic art. The simplicity and the harmony of its lines make a very direct appeal. It is built of stone hewn from the University quarries, which are furnishing the material for all the newer buildings. In the interior the altar and the pulpit of stone give a like impression of strength and simplicity. There is a hint of the cloister that is really the choir, and the tiny red sanctuary lamp burning before the altar gives at all times a feeling of life.

It was twelve years ago when the pioneer pastor of

THE SYNOD DEDICATES THE STUDENTS' CHURCH

the Lutheran Church came to Ithaca. Our Church was then absolutely unknown. Our Lutheran students scarce had the courage to register themselves as such. It certainly is evidence of the virility of the Church if, in the face of such outwardly discouraging conditions, she can bring into being a life such as that which we now have at Ithaca.

Pastor Horn in his report to the Synod in 1925 stated that during the year 12,632 persons had attended service in the new church. During the academic year the average Sunday attendance was 262. The church at Ithaca is unique in that it is supported almost entirely by people connected with Cornell University, either in the capacity of faculty members or of students. There are members of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music and allied schools, and a few members in the city. The distinct feature in this work lies in the responsibility which the students take upon themselves. Pastor Horn's work has brought to them the conviction that in the midst of their lives, no matter how crowded they are with classroom work or extra-curricula occupations, or even in their effort to support themselves, religion must take a definite, living part in their activities. The demands of the soul are as definite as those of the body or of the mind. Worship is, therefore, a vital function with the students who are being trained at this church in Ithaca.

No less definite is the obligation for service. The training which these young people have in the conduct of the organization goes far to make them effective workers in the Church when they leave the University and strike out for themselves in life. They take upon themselves the responsibility of ministering at the City Hospital, the University Infirmary, and the Sanatorium at Taughannock Falls. They are taught to give in a way that puts to shame many of the normal congrega-

tions. The average gift per week from the students is forty cents. Many of those who give in this wise are working their way through the University. Upon them, too, is put the responsibility of personal evangelism. Each member of the Association is expected, through his dormitory or fraternity, to bring his associates into the Church.

It is a distinct relief to many parents to know that they can send their sons and daughters to a large university where they can confidently expect a sympathetic pastor to help in the solution of the problems of the student who is removed from his home surroundings. Mrs. Horn, who is herself a Bryn Mawr woman, has added to the strength of our work at Cornell. By her intelligent interest, and by her self-effacing effort, she has created an atmosphere which has made it easy for the students to confide in their pastor and his wife.

The original impulse for the university work was the securing of men for the ministry. Our church at Ithaca has already demonstrated its ability to do this, and the Convention of Synod at which the church was dedicated was enriched by the fact that one of the students, who had started out on an agricultural course, at that meeting was ordained to the office of the ministry. This was William C. J. Weidt, now pastor of the English Lutheran Church, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Other students are now in line for the ministry, and young women of the church are serving in foreign mission fields.

The Lutheran Church at Ithaca demonstrates the ecumenical character of the Lutheran Church. The students that centre in this work come from all over the world. Japan, Hawaii, India, Jugoslavia, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Canada, Africa, and Russia are represented. Half of the states of the Union send students to this centre. At such a crossroads the possi-

bilities of our Church are unlimited. For the vision which has been granted our Synod in the initiation of this work, and in its continued support, in the name of the thousands of students who have been helped, we are deeply grateful. The church at Ithaca is not only caring for its own problems, but it is a laboratory in which many of the students' problems are being solved. These are again relayed to other centres where like problems exist, and where the same methods may be applied.

CHAPTER VI

AT THE WESTERN GATEWAY OF THE STATE

The Church of the Redeemer, in Buffalo, always seemed a much more mature congregation than it actually was. It required a second effort of my mind to realize that it was but eighteen years old when I became its pastor in 1914. This poise and strength undoubtedly came from the fact that it was born full-grown.

When the movement was started to organize an English Lutheran Church on the west side of the city, Holy Trinity dismissed nine of its twelve deacons, together with a strong group of its men and women. In its early history the Rev. Dr. F. A. Kahler, with his associate at Holy Trinity Church, the Rev. F. P. Bossart, took care of the young congregation. In 1900 the church called the Rev. J. Luther Sibole, of Philadelphia, to be its pastor. He ministered continuously until his death on April 25th, 1913. The spirit of this faithful Christian man permeated the entire congregation, and in my later ministry I constantly felt the truth of Christ's words when He said, "Others have labored, and ye have entered into their labors." When the congregation placed an altar to his memory in the new church building, it very fittingly inscribed upon the altar the words which he had frequently given his flock: "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." A year before his death, the congregation purchased the commanding site at the

THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, BUFFALO

corner of Elmwood Avenue and Ferry Street, and on Sunday, July 14th, 1912, broke ground for the new building. Pastor Sibole also officiated at the ceremony of laying the corner stone, October 6th, 1912. The construction continued after his death, and the beautiful church, with its completed parish house, was consecrated November 30th, 1913. Through all this period of activity and responsibility, the congregation had been without a pastor.

In February of 1914, while a resident at Cornell, I was invited, through one of the Cornell students, a member of Redeemer Church, to supply at one of the services. I repeated my visit, and was then asked to consider the permanent pastorate. The thought of it was quite contrary to my vocation at that time, and I made the reply that my loyalty to the student work would prevent any change. As I later thought of this appeal it became stronger and stronger, and I finally concluded in my own mind that if they asked me again I would probably accept.

In August of that year, while resting at Banff, in the Canadian Rockies, I received a letter from Mr. E. F. A. Kurtz, the secretary of the congregation, asking whether I would reconsider my reply. I arranged for another visit to Redeemer Church on my return to the East, and then decided to accept the call that was to be extended. In November I entered into my pastorate, and with it a very happy experience. It was a pastorate which in every way complemented my experience in the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn. When I came to Redeemer Church and met for the first time with its Church Board, I felt its strength and purpose. This group consisted of Messrs. F. W. H. Becker, president; E. F. A. Kurtz, secretary; Charles H. Stolzenbach, treasurer; William L. Koester, Henry May, William F. Stuhlmiller, Soren M. Kielland, John Frambach, August

Dorries, Reinhold J. Sautter, Charles W. White, and Henry F. Pellman. These men represented some of the city's outstanding business enterprises, and they brought to the work of the church the same keen-eyed vision which had given them their positions in the secular world. And with this, also, they had eagerness to follow any lead into which their pastor might direct. The congregation throughout was made up of men and women, old and young, who would accept from their pastor consecrated and intelligent leadership. I always looked forward to the public worship with keen expectation, because of the beauty and orderliness of the service. This setting stimulated the preacher to prepare a message which should satisfy and inspire. The Sunday School was led by Mr. Barton P. Sibole, who, with his mother, the widow of the late pastor, continued to be active in the parish. This young university man was also a fine leaven in the young people's work throughout the church.

I never failed to be impressed with the contrast between the church life of Buffalo and that of New York City. Buffalo was essentially a city of homes. This in turn created the atmosphere which was most favorable to a strong church life. The Queen City on the Lakes has always had strong parishes of every denomination, and the effect of it was seen in every department of the city. Wherever one met men, whether in the banks, or shops, or industries, or the clubs of the city, they were men who were active in the life of the churches. I have always felt that there is no city in which the life of the Lutheran Church has flowered as it has in Buffalo. This is due, in a large degree, to the unique and beautiful ministry of the dean of the Lutheran pastors of this city, Dr. Kahler, whose unbroken service of forty-two years in the one parish has left an impress that is truly of the spirit of Christ.

The churches of the various parishes of Lutheranism there have coöperated in works of mercy, which in turn have reacted to bring the congregations into a closer relationship. The common work of all the churches, in St. John's Orphan Home and in the Home for the Aged, gave the congregations a genuine sense of the joy of Christian service.

Within a year after my coming to Buffalo, the Rev. Hermann F. Miller came to take up a forlorn hope in the Church of the Resurrection on the east side. Under his faithful pastorate the congregation now numbers over a thousand souls, and is just about to complete its beautiful stone edifice. Pastor Miller has always worked faithfully in the larger causes of the Church, and for six years has served as president of the Western Conference, an office which gives him the oversight of twenty-nine congregations.

In the southern end of the city was Grace Church, where the Rev. E. H. Boettger has been successful, in a pastorate of more than twenty years, in building up a genuine Christian community. The oldest child of the Church of the Holy Trinity is the Church of the Atonement, which has loyally ministered since 1895 to a changing community. The present pastor is the Rev. Hugo L. Dressler. In the newer suburban section of Central Park, the Parkside Church has taken its definite place, with a church plant unusual in its completeness and, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Miles H. Krumbine, is beginning a ministry which it has long anticipated. In the Cheektowga district is the Church of the Reformation, the cornerstone of which was laid on the day of my installation as pastor of Redeemer Church. It, too, is bravely ministering to a changing community under the pastorate of the Rev. Paul C. Hoffman. The Kensington Church, under the leadership of the Rev. H. L. Siegner, is doubling its

membership each year, and is about to erect its enlarged building. Tabor Church and its pastor, the Rev. Karl Richter, has recently come from the Missouri Synod and is finding its place in our family of churches. These churches of our own Synod, together with those of the Ministerium of New York and the Missouri Synod, one of the New York Synod, and one of the Augustana Synod, give the Lutheran Church the strongest numerical strength of any Protestant church in Buffalo.

When I came to Buffalo in 1914, there still remained an indebtedness on the church of $38,600. After a fuller survey of the field I became convinced that Redeemer Church could clear off this indebtedness with little effort and then equip itself for its full contribution to the work of the Church at large. In February of 1917, when the war clouds were upon us, a small group gathered at luncheon—Messrs. Henry May, Charles Stolzenbach, Edward L. Koons, and myself. The conviction prevailed in every heart that it could be done, and must be done. A larger group was called together, and enough subscriptions were made to give substantial momentum. On one of the Sundays in Lent I preached a sermon on Paul's words: "A great door and effectual is opened to me." At the close of the service subscription cards were passed among the congregation, and the result totalled over $30,000. The entire sum was to be completed by Easter Day. On Wednesday evening of Holy Week, before the service, Mr. Henry May came into my sacristy, and quietly promised to give whatever was needed on Sunday morning. Easter Sunday saw the entire amount completed. It was a day of great rejoicing for the congregation, and one of the happiest days of my own life. This was before the Great War had set new standards of giving. The Church of the Redeemer has taken hold of every appeal that has come to it in like

fashion, whether for education, for missions, or for world service. I am always heartened by the spirit in which they allowed me to enter into the experience of the Great War, and for the same spirit when I was called to the presidency of the Synod.

My pastorate in Redeemer Church was enriched by my relations throughout the city. I experienced a contrast here as over against the life in the metropolis. In Buffalo one has increased opportunities for friendships, and one meets friends at every turn. When President Wilson visited Buffalo in 1916, the mayor appointed me on the committee to receive the President; and in 1919 when the King and Queen of the Belgians made their tour of America, I again served on the mayor's committee of reception.

It is no small satisfaction to me to feel that under the pastorate of my successor, the Rev. G. Morris Smith, the educational work in the parish has been strengthened. A trained worker is employed to conduct the week-day school, and otherwise to coördinate the program of education. The pastor is also the chairman of the Synodical Committee on Boys Work, and has planned and stimulated new methods for enlisting the interest of the boys at a period when they are most readily influenced.

CHAPTER VII

GETTING INTO THE WAR

I had been making an effort to do some work among the thousands of summer students at Columbia University. The term was drawing to a close in those sweltering end-of-July days in 1914 when there flashed across the water news of the Sarajevo incident, the Austrian ultimatum, and then the declaration of war between the European states. The effect was such as to stun one's intelligence, but it also begat a lively discussion based on very scant information between the partisans of both sides. The world had suddenly been plunged into a state the ultimate misery of which we were not yet able to foresee. Within a week after the outbreak of war I left for the Canadian Northwest, and there had my first actual impression of the war. The stalwart Canadian soldiers were entraining at Vancouver to cross the continent, and then to take ship for a French port. It was my first encounter with the sorrow of war.

Then came those three years of uncertainty and deep concern as to what position America would finally take. The second inauguration of President Wilson, on March 5th, 1917, was on a day radiant with sunshine, but everyone felt the war cloud coming upon our own land. I had been invited to the inaugural as well as to the luncheon afterward at the White House. In the inaugural procession we watched the review of the Army, and it seemed part of the same machine which

had gone into Mexico in 1846. It seemed quite inadequate to the demands which a modern war would make.

Good Friday of 1917 brought to the American people the solemn call to arms. Most of us, however, felt that this could mean very little more than a further support of the Allies in ammunition and moneys. The ocean with its three thousand miles' expanse would limit our active participation. But the President had gone fully into the great problem of the war before he had ever recommended to Congress its declaration. In an incredibly short time after April 6th, camps were started in which soldiers were mobilized and officers trained, and America was made to realize that her entrance into the war was by no means simply a formality.

I immediately came to the conviction that if anyone were to go as a chaplain, the call would come to me as one of the first. The Buffalo unit of state cavalry invited me to go with them as their chaplain, but they waited impatiently for their orders for mobilization. After the officers' training camp at Fort Niagara was organized, I was asked to visit there to learn what provision was being made for religious work among soldiers. As I motored back on Friday, May 25th, after a day at the camp, I felt anew that I must get into the work whole-heartedly and at once. On my arrival at the University Club, where I had made my residence while in Buffalo, there was a message asking me to call up New York by long-distance telephone. At the other end was Dr. Devol with an invitation to accompany the Post Graduate Hospital Unit as the chaplain, and, if I accepted, to appear in Washington the following Monday for my commission.

It was too large a problem to decide at once. The following morning I consulted some of the officers of

the church and was everywhere given encouragement in my mission. The evening papers helped me to a decision by prematurely announcing me as the first clergyman from Buffalo to leave for the front. At the service on the next morning, I announced to the congregation my plan, and, with a fine spirit of sacrifice, they agreed that their pastor should give himself where his services would be more needed, in ministering to the wounded soldiers.

That night saw me en route for Washington. In those days, everyone gave way to the men who were going to the war. The train to Washington was so crowded that I had not been able to get a berth. I told my plight to Dr. Lucien Howe, who was on the train. Gallantly he went to the smoking compartment telling the group of men there, "Here is a man going to the service of his country. Who will share his sleeping quarters with him?" Immediately a man gave me half of his section.

Washington was feverish with war preparations. I reported at the Surgeon General's and at the Red Cross, which for the time being was commissioning chaplains for the base hospitals, and then rushed back to New York, where I spent the following day in the ordering of my equipment. On Wednesday I went home to Bernville to acquaint my Mother with my plans. She was quite reconciled to my going, and showed the same spirit a year after when my brother, following a few months of camp service, also went overseas. Nations usually give their decorations to those who have been active in the service during war. The real heroes are those who are left at home and who anxiously wait. Such a one was my Mother, willingly and with pride giving her two sons to the country's service.

The order for mobilization impatiently awaited did not come until July 16th. I hastily arranged my af-

fairs for an absence, the duration of which no one could tell. The Church of the Redeemer gave me a generous fund for my work among the soldiers, and pledged themselves to any further sums that I should requisition. On the 25th I finally joined our unit, which was to be known as Base Hospital No. 8, at Governor's Island. Major Joseph Siler, of the Regular Army, was in charge of our unit and was to take us abroad to France.

That afternoon the nurses of our unit had a farewell service in the chapel of Cornelius the Centurion. My civilian life little by little faded away. With the putting on of the khaki and inuring myself to military life, an entirely new world opened up to me. The crowded ferryboats plying between Staten Island and Manhattan seemed out of place in the picture. From our viewpoint, every activity now should be tending to the perfecting of our fighting machine.

There was an air of mystery about the entire process which helped to make it more impressive. On Saturday, July 28th, late at night, the officers were called together and plans were given for the embarking, which was to take place on Sunday. The Army has a strange fatality for making its major movements on Sunday. That Sunday morning was filled with a feverish preparation. At noon we struck camp and were finally moving, to the great relief of everyone in the unit. Tugs took us to Hoboken, where we boarded the *Saratoga*. Besides our unit she carried a baggage train and a regiment of artillery. I had felt that after the activity of the day it would be a relief to hold a service of song among the men. The commanding officer, however, advised against it, fearful lest the sound should give some indication to German spies. Instead of our hymns, the night was filled with ribald songs going from ship to ship in the convoy.

The *Saratoga* was an old Ward liner, having been used largely in the fruit trade. Her hold was infested with vermin and it seemed barbarous to confine the men of our unit to those filthy, ill-ventilated quarters. The 150 enlisted men were largely recruited from Eastern colleges, young men of the finest character and eager to get into the service at the earliest opportunity. This eagerness made them choose the medium of the base hospital. Many of them became commissioned officers before the close of the war, and all of them acquitted themselves according to the finest American traditions.

Among the enlisted men there were also those who had made their mark in the world. Alexander Woollcott, who was dramatic critic of the *New York Times,* was one of these. He did valuable work in helping us to establish the hospital at Savenay before being called by headquarters to help in the building of the A. E. F. weekly, the *Stars and Stripes,* on which he did distinguished work. Later, when the war was over, in *The Command is Forward* and other sketches, he gave some of the best descriptions of Savenay.

Schuyler Ladd was also there. He had won for himself a name on the Broadway stage, and made another hit at Savenay in running the commissary department.

On Monday morning the *Saratoga* slipped out of her berth. We were not allowed on deck to have a last glimpse of New York, again because of the fear of betraying our mission to enemy spies. We anchored in the channel just above the Narrows, and were to wait till nightfall, so that, together with our convoy, we might go out to the open sea under cover of darkness. The officers were lolling around the deck in the afternoon when suddenly we saw a liner, the *Panama,* loosing her anchorage and bearing directly toward us on the incoming tide. It seemed that something must stop or divert her course; but on she came, and in a few

moments rammed the *Saratoga*, cutting a gaping wound in her side. Lifeboats were filled; other craft came to the rescue; and a few of us at the last climbed over the nose of the *Panama* on to her decks. When everyone had been taken off the *Saratoga*, the *Panama* withdrew, and the *Saratoga* sank into the water to within a few feet of her upper decks. It was a very happy escape for the passengers, but the tragedy lay in the fact that one man lost his life and all of our belongings, including the carefully gathered hospital supplies, were gone. The *Saratoga* was then towed into a Brooklyn wharf, where later as much of the property as could be was salvaged. The *Saratoga* herself was repaired and used as a hospital ship during the war.

The survivors were scattered in all sorts of craft all over the bay. By some mysterious process these also were salvaged and brought into port at Hoboken, where no one knew what to do with this group of survivors. We were, in the end, placed on an empty transport, where we spent the night. Some few of us were allowed to cross over to New York, where we found interested hearers among our friends, who had thought of us as on our way to France. Two editions of the evening papers gave a story, but it was very quickly suppressed. The behavior of the *Panama* gave rise to a rich crop of war rumors; even to-day no one has yet learned the real cause of this absurd accident. The authorities finally decided that we should again return to our quarters at Governor's Island, and for two weeks we gave all of our effort to securing new equipment for the second attempt we should make.

During this second period of encampment on Governor's Island, the heavy rains made our camping ground very wet. The resident chaplain of the island, the Rev. Edmund Smith, and his wife, in their warm-hearted hospitality, invited Dr. Devol and myself to

use part of their house, and we thus had an army experience de luxe.

We were ordered to embark on August 7th. The last three nights I spent under the hospitable roof of my brother, on the Shore Road, Brooklyn. According to our plans, we left Governor's Island, again going to Hoboken, where we boarded the *Finland*. As compared with the *Saratoga*, the *Finland* was a paradise for our men. She carried 2,000 troops, together with two base hospitals. That night we really started for France, three other transports making up the convoy. A cruiser and two torpedo boats were our escort.

It was a weird voyage across. At night not a light was allowed on the vessels. Through the dark one seemed to see phantom ships, and soldier lookouts were constantly on the alert for any sign of a submarine. One of the most tragic experiences of the voyage was the bulletin posted one morning that one of these lookouts had been found asleep at his post, and that he was now confined below awaiting his court martial on reaching France. As a chaplain I was the only one allowed to visit him in his confinement, and I was awed as in the presence of one sentenced to death. Happily, on reaching France, this young Southern soldier, who had never been trained to be awake at night, was freed.

As we approached the French shore, orders were given for reveillé at 4.30, so that everyone might be ready for an engagement with the submarines, which were most likely to attack at that hour. On the last day of our voyage, when we were already within sight of the coast of Belle Isle, at eight o'clock in the morning, there came the much dreaded six toots, which meant, "Submarine sighted!" A torpedo had barely missed the stern of our ship, and immediately there was the signal. Before I could reach deck our transport vibrated with the noise of the cannon shot. I felt certain that

this time a submarine had gotten us. On deck I saw that the transports had scattered and that the torpedo boats were very active in firing. French aëroplanes had come out from the shore and were dropping depth bombs. For forty-five minutes the firing continued. Then the battle ceased, and we were credited with having sunk one submarine. The outcome of the battle was a relief to us, but it was horrible to think of those who had gone down in the submarine.

After the excitement had subsided, I met on deck General Mason Patrick, who was commander of all the troops on the *Finland* and now chief of the Air Service.

"Did you have any thrills this morning, Chaplain?" he asked.

"I certainly did. You see it was my first time under fire."

"So it was mine," said he, grizzled West Point veteran.

That afternoon, Monday, August 20th, we sailed up the Loire, through the locks of the harbor of St. Nazaire, where seven weeks before the first American soldiers had landed. The French people gave us a hearty ovation, but it was from the older people and the children. The young men were at the front. It seemed as though they had waited and waited for the help that was now coming. Later in the evening some of us disembarked from the *Finland* and were grieved to find this town and harbor for our American troops so physically and morally unfit.

After two days on the transport we received our orders and then marched inland for twenty-four kilometres to take our station in the quaint Breton town of Savenay. Running beside us on the march was Hardware, a mongrel puppy which had wandered into our camp on Governor's Island and had been adopted by the boys. Hardware had had a nerve-wracking time of it.

She had survived the wreck of the *Saratoga*; she had lived through the bombs of the submarine battle; but with every additional strain on her nerves she became more of a shell-shock case. And then, on the last lap of the march, a fearsome French Army car dashed toward us. It was too much for poor Hardware, who rushed out to meet the monster and was run down and killed. Joe Zalchupin, our cook, who had been a good friend to the puppy, was heart-broken by this first casualty; and so was the whole of the post. At Savenay a Normal School had been placed at our disposal. It seemed at the time very inadequate for any satisfactory hospitalization. We were then not conscious of the tremendous enterprise which the American government was to entrust to its expeditionary force.

CHAPTER VIII

A CHAPLAIN IN FRANCE

There is no institution so wasteful as the Army. This is true of materials and it is true of men. Our unit had been rushed away from America, each member of the personnel leaving a gap in his home affairs, and was landed in France. There we waited from August to March with very little to occupy our energies. This wastefulness could scarcely be laid to the fault of any individual, but rather to the entire system. Our surgeons were sent into the lines for experience, but the rest of us waited for our hour to come.

Many of the native French people called upon our staff for medical assistance. The countryside showed the devastation among these people, after their three years of participation in the war. Only women, children, and old men were there; the strength of the nation was in the trenches. This left a large field for our officers, and they ministered to the sick on the countryside with an eager willingness. In those days the khaki of the American Army was still a rare sight in France. There was not much to be done for our own soldiers. Thus we waited through the winter of 1917–18.

The first boy who died in our hospital was a Jewish boy (born in Russia) from Harlem—George Schenkmann, of the 26th Infantry. He had developed tuberculosis at the front and was sent homeward on the transport *Antilles,* which was torpedoed off the coast of France. He was rescued and started off on the *Finland,*

which had a like fate. This could be towed into port, and the sorely tried warrior was brought to our hospital for care. During his few days in the hospital, his gentle self-effacement appealed to everyone. One morning, at two o'clock, I was called to his tent by his orderly. The soldier was conscious of his ebbing strength, and wanted me to pray for him. I did; and then waited, expecting the end to come very soon. More keenly alive than I had felt him to be, the dying soldier said, "Chaplain, you must not wait here. It is too cold for you." Soon after that he was called on. Our post followed the funeral procession to the little French cemetery that December morning.

During the Christmas season, our first in France, a number of colored soldiers were brought to our hospital, most of them sick with pneumonia on account of the cold to which they were not accustomed. We celebrated Christmas with all the festivity that could be brought to it. The nurses were happy in decorating the three wards with the greens which the men had gathered in the neighborhood. Our friends at home had been much mindful that their soldiers over there should have Christmas remembrances, and, to the great joy of everyone, a mail from America arrived on Christmas day. This arrival of mail was, throughout the war, one of the happiest events in the soldiers' life.

Our first *blessés* were brought to us in the middle of March. There were some of the boys of the famous 69th who had been trapped by gas. These Irish lads, who were well trained and gaily enjoyed a fight by any other previously known method, were surprised by this entirely new device; and among them were some boys I had known in my early days in Greenpoint. The burns, both internal and external, brought suffering that was scarcely bearable. It was immediate evidence that

this war was being fought out according to rules of its own.

The 17th Engineers had been drafting plans all the winter for our enlarged service. Permanent buildings were first erected, and then, when the need pressed, the French government loaned us barracks so that two operations were always active at this hospital—that of caring for the wounded men, and that of providing places for more wounded men. Very quickly the record shows us having 3,500 beds, then 9,000 beds; and, at the time of the armistice, 12,000. The entire American Expeditionary Force has always been, to my mind, a miracle. It was a tremendous problem to transport 2,000,000 men across the 3,000 miles of water; but it was an even greater enterprise to provide food and supplies for these men. The transportation of our wounded at first took place in ambulances, and finally, in the height of our work, a Red Cross train of six or eight cars would be brought right to the entrance of the hospital, occasionally bringing us as many as 600 wounded men at one time.

To the average commanding officer the presence of a chaplain is somewhat of an embarrassment. Here is an officer whom he is at a loss to know exactly how to use. In former days the chaplain was asked to justify himself by caring for the commissary, the entertainment, and any other service for which there was no specific person available. It was the same circumstance which in civil life asks the minister in the community to take the responsibility which cannot otherwise easily be placed. The conditions in the Great War were somewhat improved by the entrance, with strength, of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. A remnant of the old system still remains in the appointment of the chaplain to be the postmaster and censor for the post. Our post finally came to count no fewer than 20,000 men. A French priest, Father Le

Cair, who had had experience in an American parish, was sent to the post as French liaison officer and chaplain to the Catholic boys in the hospital. He was much beloved and did a splendid service. But for his assistance, the entire religious work of the post, including at times 14,000 wounded men, rested upon me. In addition to this, I had the responsibility for the post office and the censoring of mail; but I was allowed to commandeer other officers as censors. Caring for the mail of a city of 20,000 in peace time is no small allotment, but when added to the responsibility of an over-taxed position in war time, it becomes a definite problem. My assistant, Sergeant William P. Brandegee, was ever resourceful and gave himself with the utmost patience to the unravelling of our complex task. With the constant shifting of the troops the tracing of addresses was very difficult for the postal department of the expeditionary forces. In itself I should have welcomed the position of postmaster, because it offered unusual opportunity to come to know the men. The post office stood in the heart of the post, and the chaplain was fortunate to be at the heart. To the wounded men who were compelled to stay in their beds, the chaplain immediately became an angel of mercy if he could bring the letters which had been going from post to post for a possible six months. With the post office went the obligation of sending back moneys to the families left at home. Sometimes this led to correspondence, which, as it often happened, the soldier himself was unable to carry on.

After these absorbing functions were cared for, the chaplain was free to take up the duties for which he had been prepared as a minister, and for which he had been called into the Army. My first thought was for the religious services. Instead of allowing these to be the victims of the emergencies of Army life, I immediately

determined that they must be emphasized as much as possible. If the young men needed religion in their normal lives at home they needed it very much more when they were away from the conventions of regular routine.

To this end, I planned that there should be an hour of worship each Sunday, although this hour was buffeted about considerably by the exigencies of the hospital. Some fatality seemed to arise at the time of our greatest effort. For Easter Day I had planned to have impressive services, but the post was put into confusion by an order to send to America a number of men who had sufficiently recovered. At other times there was no roof available, and the service was held in the open, occasionally, as on Thanksgiving Day, in a drizzling rain.

On the *Finland*, crossing the ocean, Chaplain Brown, of Base Hospital No. 9, and I conducted the services of the two Sundays on the voyage through a megaphone. It was only in this wise that we could reach the 2,000 soldiers who had gathered on the decks. At one of the services I spoke on "Prayer," and I look back in amazement at my presumption in making an effort to deal with so devotional a subject by the methods of the baseball field.

For some time after reaching Savenay the service was conducted in the mess hall. My assistant, Sergeant Schutes, who was very musical, planned a choir, and we ordered music from London; but when the hospital began to function more fully such an elaborate service became impractical, and it was kept a simple service so as to be acceptable to men and women of all faiths. Later the service was held in the Y. M. C. A. hut, and finally we occupied the recreation building of the Red Cross, which was a luxurious experience for us.

Early in my stay at Savenay, a Belgian soldier made

for me a wooden cross that might be taken apart. This gave a churchly atmosphere to any place where we might decide to hold a service. It was an impressive sight as the war went on to see the motley group of men that came to the service. Our own men and nurses came as they could, but the large group were patients who were recovering. They would come in on crutches, sometimes wearing bathrobes, and no one felt it strange if in these "uniforms" they knelt at the altar, with the nurses in their blue and the men in their khaki, for the Holy Sacrament. At the last Communion Service seven men, blinded, came to the altar with their nurse and knelt for the sacrament. War is by no means a promoter of religion, and I never found an unusual demonstration of religious faith. Many optimists felt that a revival of religion must come directly after the war. After almost two years with the soldiers, I felt that the conditions of the Army can only dampen a religious life. I baptized several young men after instruction, and sent their names to their pastors at home so that their vows might be followed up and encouraged. Whether this desire was a lasting one, in none of the instances have I ever learned.

In the early fall of 1918 three thousand German prisoners were sent to our post, and Bishop Brent, the chief chaplain at Chaumont, asked me, if possible, to minister to them. I had been eager to get in touch with them so as to learn from them the conditions behind the German lines, concerning which all sorts of wild rumors were afloat. On the first Sunday of their presence in our post I went to their camp at four o'clock, having previously announced the plan of holding a service. One of their sergeants had also given me a New Testament and a collection of hymns. Barracks which easily held a thousand men standing were soon filled. I placed my cross at one end of the building,

and someone provided candles so that the effect was not unchurchly. I read the Scriptures to them in German, and then led them in prayers. When I announced the well-known hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," the thousand voices fell in like a trained men's chorus, and it seemed as though the roof might be lifted. Their appreciation was so keen that I looked forward with distinct pleasure to that four o'clock service, and I later ventured a brief address in German.

The large field of a chaplain in such work as mine was the visitation of the men who were unable to get out of bed on account of their wounds. They usually kept up one another's courage, and, in a most marvelous fashion, minimized their wounds and suffering. But a visit from the chaplain or a Red Cross worker was always a welcome break in the monotony of wearisome days. It was a privilege to go from bed to bed encouraging the men and listening to yarns which they were eager to tell. I felt that no corps of chaplains had such a concentrated picture of the war as we who served in the hospitals, by reason of the impression given us by these boys fresh from the front.

A young man, Private Rankin, from Bradford, Pa., but sixteen years old, had lain wounded in a shell hole for two days before he was discovered. I was glad to have such a hero on my list, and I listened with great interest to his experiences. My friends at home, and especially of Redeemer Church, Buffalo, were constantly supplying me with illustrated magazines. A number had subscribed for publications of all types which came to me regularly for my ministry among the wounded men. But when the hospital came to its ultimate proportions, I was able to minister only to those who were in most desperate need. In many instances I was commissioned to send home last messages, and with those I could assure the parents that some spiritual comfort

had been given to their boys snatched out of this life so far away from their loving care.

On my return to America at the close of the war, I was automatically compelled to report at the war office in Hoboken. On reporting there at the desk, a man in khaki behind me jumped up from his seat and asked, "Are you Chaplain Trexler?" I agreed. Whereupon he said, "You buried my son in France." And with that he took out of his pocket the letter which I had written of his son's death and burial. The young man had been an infantry lieutenant wounded at Chateau Thierry. He was Lieut. A. Holliday, of Travers City, Michigan.

As the hospital grew we came to see among the wreckage of the war that most distressing of all casualties—the mind deranged. The stress of the war and strain of Army life shattered the nerves of many men who in the normal paths of civil life would have kept their balance. It was impossible for a man accustomed to the comforts of a very finely adjusted civilization to be plunged into the maelstrom of war without severely testing his poise. In the full development of our hospital we had no fewer than seven hundred such unfortunates. Some have recovered on their return to normal life; others have never regained themselves. Their plight is still one of our post-war problems.

These men in many cases were fearful and needed to be encouraged. On visiting any of the soldiers, whether nervous or otherwise wounded, I invariably asked their names, hoping thereby to make some contact. One day in the nervous ward I saw a man of rather distinct mien. I asked his name, and was surprised on learning it to find that it was the name of one of my father's intimate friends. I asked him whether his father had been a clergyman, and then communica-

tion ceased. He was apparently unwilling to give any clue to his identity.

The following day I again visited him, and was more successful. I found that he was the son of my father's friend, a young physician who had come to France. Under the new conditions his mind had become deranged. The derangement took the form of a distress for his wife and two children who, he feared, were not cared for. I took him away from the hospital, and, in walks along the Breton roads, tried to divest him from worry. He was finally sent home; but I learned later that he had accomplished his intent and taken his own life. The pleading look in the eyes of many of these nervous cases invited one to spend all one's time in trying to draw them out of their woes. It was, however, but one feature of our great hospital.

When the work of the hospital was at its height, there would be a funeral procession going from the hospital through the little French village to the American cemetery at nine o'clock every morning. At first it was an ambulance that carried the remains; sometimes two were pressed into the service. On one day we buried nine of the soldiers. As the war went on, the French government, with a fine sense of military deportment, gave us a gun carriage which then bore the remains of our soldiers, draped in the American flag, to their last resting-place. The American soldiers at work about the hospital were so busy that these daily processions made no effect upon them, but the French civilians, as we passed, would invariably stop and respectfully remove their hats. Some knelt.

Early in the development of our centre at Savenay we set apart an American cemetery. It was a beautiful field looking down toward the Loire. There, white crosses after white crosses were planted. To observe military decorum the officers were buried in a part all

by themselves, and in another corner rested the German prisoners who died in our hospital.

The small funeral procession consisted of the firing squad, the bugler, and the chaplain, and then the gun carriage. At the grave was read the service, after which the firing squad fired its three volleys and the bugler sounded taps which echoed and reëchoed down the Loire valley. We waited until the last echo had gone, and then we returned to the hospital, expecting to make this same round on the morrow. But it gave me a certain satisfaction to be able to write home to the parents of these boys that they had been given in burial all the honors belonging to the American soldier.

When German prisoners to the number of 3,000 were sent to our post, a new problem presented itself in the funerals of the men among them who died. Our commanding officer, Colonel Webb Cooper, gallantly said they must be buried the same as our boys. After my simple service in English, they asked the privilege of saying a few words in German; and there was always a trained man among them who, in a few words, made a fitting funeral oration. One man who died of pneumonia had gone through the entire Russian campaign, and now, said the speaker at the grave, despite the "kindly care of a chivalrous enemy," he had met his death from an ordinary disease.

There was no part of the American expeditionary forces that deserved credit for such fine sacrificial work as did that of our Red Cross nurses. Miss Amy Patmore, the head of our corps of nurses, did some of the outstanding service of the entire Army. Untiring, resourceful, she met every emergency. When 600 wounded were brought in unexpectedly with the hospital already overcharged, she never failed to find a place for the additional convoy. The nurses under her worked more devotedly than anyone in our post. When wounded

trains continued coming in, these tireless women would continue at work regardless of day's end or day's beginning. The whole post was in sorrow when one of our original nurses, Miss Katheryne Greene, held in highest regard and affection by all who knew her, especially the boys to whom she had ministered, died of pneumonia. The post followed to her grave in the American cemetery on the morning of October 24th.

The American cemetery at Savenay has again reverted to a Breton field. The remains of all the Americans there interred have been brought home or re-interred in another American cemetery in France. The eight German prisoners alone still remain in their corner of the field.

The Army had planned a leave of absence of ten days, for every soldier, every three months. In the lull before the great German offensive of March, 1918, the commanding officer granted Dr. Devol and myself an opportunity to visit the Riviera. Quite away from war scenes, it was a genuine haven. The blue waters of the Mediterranean, the villas on the green slopes, and, beyond, the snow-capped Alps in the sparkling sunshine, seemed more beautiful than anything on earth. The Prince of Monaco, eager to show hospitality to the first American soldiers coming to his principality, entertained us both at his palace and on the famous yacht, the *Hirondelle.*

At the dinner on the yacht, the hostess was his charming nineteen-year-old grand-daughter, the Duchess de Valentinois, now the Princess de Polignac, the heir to the throne. She was very much interested in war relief work, and when in residence in Paris regularly worked as a nurse in the hospitals for their wounded. The Prince, with overbounding hospitality, insisted upon our extending the visit to Monte Carlo, to be his guests in his loge at the opera. It was a premier presentation of

"Manole," a composition by Gunsbourg, the conductor of the Royal Opera at Monte Carlo. The entrance of the Prince's party brought the whole audience of 2,000 to its feet, turning to face the royal box at the rear.

On board the *Hirondelle*, the Prince, in most excellent English, told of the yacht's associations with most of the royalty of Europe. The Kaiser had often been his guest, and he in turn had enjoyed the hospitality of the Kaiser. On Sunday, June 28th, 1914, at the Kiel regatta, he was the guest of the Emperor, when the *Meteor*, the royal racer, was in the lead. From out the small craft on the sidelines there shot a motor boat bearing a German Admiral. It sped toward the Kaiser's boat, which did not stop, the Kaiser being annoyed at any interruption. The motor boat gave chase, and, when close enough, the Admiral wrote a message on paper, enclosed it in a marine glass case, and threw it across to the *Meteor*. The Prince of Monaco caught the case, opened it, and gave the message to the Kaiser. The Emperor tossed it back to the Prince, who read, "The Archduke was assassinated to-day."

Dr. Devol and I stopped at Tours to see several of the boys who were in the flying school. One of them, Lieutenant George Mantley, was then in the air, and we went out to see him. On alighting he greeted me from his plane, and immediately asked whether I wanted to fly with him. I told him I was but waiting for the invitation, and in a few moments I was soaring toward the heavens. The plane seemed to be stationary and the earth falling away. There was a glorious sensation of freedom, but on our return the mocking earth startlingly rushed back at us. The entire flight took no longer than fifteen minutes, but the new impressions which thronged in upon me during that short time made it seem like the experience of a day.

The French people in our area were sympathetic with

BASE HOSPITAL NO. 8, A. E. F.

GENERAL COUTONCEAU PLACES A WREATH ON THE FIRST AMERICAN GRAVES

the Americans in the observance of our national days. To them Memorial Day was an innovation, but we were surprised to find that on the morning of All Saints' Day the graves of our soldiers were mysteriously decorated with flowers. We could only suspect that it was the thoughtfulness of the French people. On Memorial Day, 1918, General Coutonceaux, commander of the area, together with Admiral Marghery, the prefect of the department, the Mayor of Nantes, and the American Consul General, Mr. G. Bie Ravndal, joined with us in the marking of the graves which were even then rapidly increasing. On July 4th, the representatives of the French government, the civilians of our village, and a squad of veterans of 1870 came to the post and rejoiced with us in our national day. The commanding officer asked me to accept the greetings, which I did in the language of the land. Among those who had come from the village to pay their respects was a motherly old lady with the dignity of Queen Victoria, who kept the village grocery store, and also took care of my clothes. The store was so depleted of saleable goods that one used it more for the opportunity of speaking French with one who spoke French so perfectly. As I responded to the townspeople in French I could see her face beaming, and I believe it meant more to her to hear one of her pupils express himself in her own language than did many a French victory.

At one time a detachment of wounded was brought in from the English lines, and I learned how Great Britain was pouring her best manhood into the great struggle. At another time a convoy of French wounded was sent to the hospital, and for some reason the entire regiment had been recruited in Gascony. I had a lot of fun—I think they had too—in twitting them about the great Gascon, Cyrano de Bergerac.

My relations with Base Hospital No. 8 came to an end

December 1st, 1918, with an order from headquarters to join the staff of the Third Army just being organized. I had never left a parish with such poignant regret, and yet I was eager to have the experience of the new organization. The three services of the last day at Savenay are memorable—the Advent Communion Service in the Red Cross building in the morning; at four the service with the German prisoners who pressed about me asking that I take messages for them up to the Rhine; and in the evening a simple vesper service in the hut of the Y. W. C. A. The Y. W. C. A. had sent to Savenay Miss Olive Judson in the spring of that year, and she had performed a very fine service among the nurses. The final equipment of the hospital provided for a hut for the Y. W. C. A. work. Through Miss Judson's influence it radiated a very wholesome influence.

Major Devol and Father Le Cair took me to the station for the night express to Paris, and so ended one of the outstanding experiences of my life.

I went through the devastated areas—Verdun and Rheims—and waited for some days at Toul to find the nebulous headquarters of the Third Army. Together with other officers, I persisted, and we finally reached the Rhine a few days before Christmas. The remnants of the German Army were just crossing the Rhine. I had always been eager to live through a Christmas in Germany; and here it was! Despite the more than four years of combat, the Christmas spirit could not be downed; and in the shops and streets of the beautiful old city of Coblenz on the Rhine there was everywhere present the Christmas spirit. It poured over to their enemies who were at this time occupying their country.

I was commissioned to hold the Protestant service at headquarters, and to this end we used the Kaiser's chapel in the Royal Palace. It was a distinct relief

again to conduct worship amid churchly surroundings. The gold and white not only of the altar and the pulpit, but of all the furnishings of the chapel, made it a gem of church architecture.

The American soldiers who were now coming up in large numbers to guard the Rhine had little to do, and the Army as well as the service organizations were hard pressed to give them satisfactory occupation. For us it was a delightful Army experience. It meant the joy of climbing up to the castles along the Rhine, of bracing horseback rides along the German roads, and of an abundance of the best music at Coblenz, or Cologne, or Wiesbaden, and of one never-to-be-forgotten flight by aëroplane from Coblenz up the Rhine Valley to Cologne and back. The well tilled fields and the trim houses of that settlement along the Rhine looked from above like children's toys. But the greatest day of all was that of February 8th, when my order came to go home. "Going west," with a normal life again before me!

Paris was throbbing with all the expectation that attended the Peace Conference. The whole world was anticipating a new creation. I had the honor of being invited to President Wilson's box at the Royal Opera, where a special performance of "The Damnation of Faust" was given on Lincoln's Birthday; and one felt the high homage that was coming to him from all parts of the world.

During an interval, the Prince of Monaco, who was then in Paris, came in to pay his respects to the President. He invited me to luncheon or dinner on any day I might choose before leaving Paris. I chose luncheon on Thursday, and for my farewell to Paris and the A.E.F., he had invited as my fellow guests Prince Louis, now the reigning monarch of Monaco, and seven other of his friends. The Prince spoke much

of his hunting expedition in the Rockies. He had many relics and pictures of his trips to America, which he had visited several times.

After the long delays that always attend Army transportation, with a small group of officers, I sailed from Bordeaux on a Japanese boat, the *Ave Maru*. This small bark of 7,000 tons met the waves in the March storms with little resistance. There was, however, not one of us but was willing to risk himself in any craft so that he might again be at home. The journey took fourteen days, and we arrived in New York on St. Patrick's Day. With my joy at being home, there came also the impression that the entire American nation had been transformed by the sacrifices they had made during the war. But the reaction from this set in very quickly. The men who had cut off all their contacts in going into the Army returned to find themselves in a desperate plight. It was very difficult for them again to fall into the normal paths of life. I was grateful to the Church of the Redeemer for many things, but at this time primarily for the fact that it took hold of me immediately and compelled me to conform to the normal routine of life.

CHAPTER IX

THE FULL-TIME PRESIDENCY

The founders of institutions are often given a foresight that quite baffles one's understanding. The organizers of the Synod of New York and New England laid foundations which have well carried the superstructure of later years. When the work was not completed, indication was given of the direction it would eventually take. When President Bacher, in 1908, laid down his office at the end of the second term, he reported to the Synod:

> It is my firm conviction that the best and most lasting results can only be secured by making the presidency of Synod a salaried office, and I am strongly of the opinion that Synod should take steps to that end at once. The regular, systematic visitation of all our congregations by an experienced and discreet man will do great good for the building up of the weaker parishes and especially for the knitting together of the various component parts of the Synod into one homogeneous, harmonious, and efficient whole. The president ought to be able to go wherever and whenever his presence and counsel may be desired, but this he cannot do so long as he is bound by the necessities and exigencies of pastoral work.

In reponse to this recommendation, the Synod asked the Executive Committee to prepare a plan whereby

the idea might be accomplished. The minutes of the 1909 Convention, however, report that the Executive Committee was unable to arrive at any conclusion. In 1917, President William M. Horn, who was pastor of Advent Church, New York City, at that time, in outlining a policy for wartime, asked that the President of Synod might be relieved as far as possible from the burdens of a congregation so that he might have a free hand in the work of the Church. But the handicaps of the war prevented any further development of this plan. Pastor Horn's successor in the presidency was the Rev. F. F. Fry, D. D., pastor of the Church of the Reformation, Rochester, New York. The Synod is deeply indebted to Dr. Fry and his predecessors for the self-sacrificing labors by which they conducted the affairs both of the local parish and of the Synod. It involved a triple hardship; first to the pastor who was called to this position, in that he had to bear the added burden at the risk of his own health; then to the congregation which shared the pastor with the Synod; and finally to the Synod, in that some of its affairs had to go uncared for.

When President Fry's term came to an end, at the Convention of the Synod in the Church of the Redeemer, Binghamton, in 1920, the Executive Committee presented to the Synod the recommmendation of a full-time presidency. This was brought forward at the first session of the Convention. When there was some hesitancy as to the ability of the Synod to take this progressive step, the entire matter was referred to the laymen at their noon session. This group of men voted unanimously for the forward step, and, with the momentum thus given to the project, it was adopted by the Synod at its second session.

For a year after the end of the war I had been happily coming to the pace of the regular pastorate, and

had felt that my future pastoral life would be devoted to the Church of the Redeemer, Buffalo. When the election called me to the presidency, therefore, it caused me no little dismay. There was, however, the inviting challenge of a new pioneer work for the fourth time in my ministry. Brooklyn had been the first; then came the work among the university students, followed by the Army chaplaincy. I took some weeks to think through the entire problem, and then came to see large possibilities of service to the Church. The special appeal came to me in the fact that the new work would not mean the conduct of a machine but an opportunity to be a pastor both to the pastors and the congregations. This was the note I tried to emphasize in fulfilling the office. The Church of the Redeemer, again with a fine spirit, recognized my call to the larger work and relinquished me.

The cost of this new office was a problem to the young Synod. The education, the inspiration, and vision of the work of the Church as a whole have shown results such that the cost of the office is no longer a problem. The president of the Synod has the same privilege as the pastor of a congregation. He "rejoices with those that rejoice, and weeps with those that weep". He strives to heal wounds in congregations and it is a matter of great satisfaction to know definite instances in which God has signally blessed this work.

In education I believe there is a large opportunity for the Synodical president. Pastors have always welcomed a visit of the president to the Church Council, where many of the hazy ideas which have lurked in the minds of the men have been clarified by a frank discussion of the Church and her work. The same is true of the congregation in its public services—an-

niversaries and festivities which offer not only the opportunity for congratulation, but for stimulation and inspiration.

One of the oustanding values in this ministry has been the welding of the different sections into a common life. One of the greatest sins besetting the average congregation is its individualism. Its life is introspective and ingrown. The congregation which thinks only of its own problems is doing itself as great a harm as the individual who thinks only of himself. It has been a great pleasure to find a number of congregations developing into the consciousness that they are part of a large pilgrim body moving on to bring in the Kingdom of God. Congregations derive and give strength as they realize themselves to be but units in the family of churches.

Much of the strength of the Roman Catholic Church lies in the fact of her perfect organization. The spirit must have a body in which to dwell. Our own Church has suffered much because of her negligence of the outward organization. The institution of a full-time presidency need in nowise lead to an hierarchical church government. It must, when rightly administered, as a steward of Christ, have unbounded value in the development of His cause. The growth and effectiveness of the United Lutheran Church is marked by the fact that more than one-third of the thirty-five Synods now maintain a full-time president.

There are the normal occasions whereby the president of the Synod comes in contact with the congregation. In the life of the young congregations, which are growing so rapidly, this contact is continuous. At the beginning of a new congregation, the president and the missionary superintendent usually decide on the location of a new congregation. He consults with

the congregation in the securing of a pastor and in the purchase of property. He is present at the laying of the cornerstone and the dedication of the church; he installs the pastor. Then comes a series of anniversaries, each of which is a stimulus to the life of the congregation. At each of these events the president is invited to convey the rejoicings of all the sister congregations in the Synod. In the problems that come before the pastors, the president of the Synod is expected to counsel and to give strength. When ideals fall he should again restore the highest standards.

The Synod of New York and New England lies along a line which is 250 miles to the east of New York, and 450 to the west. Its area would have challenged Muhlenberg as he went about on horseback in the middle of the eighteenth century. With the thousands of miles which I am constantly traveling, I have never ceased to be amazed at the ease and comfort with which modern railroads take one to distant points. Even the sleeping accommodations of the night trains continue to be a marvel in my mind. When I travel by day I welcome it as a cessation of the normal vocations, and I revel in the opportunity of reading uninterruptedly or of thinking out some of the problems that wait to be solved. I have found that I can plan sermons on the train more satisfactorily than under any other conditions. Much is to be said for the fact that there is no interruption on a train journey. I have also felt that possibly the speed of the train is a psychologic factor in stimulating the mind.

There is also satisfaction in a train journey in the fact that at whatever city I alight, there I am at home and among friends. My experiences during the university pastorate and then again during the war, together with my accustomed vocation and activities, have been such that my life has been enriched with

friends and acquaintances quite beyond number. These I am constantly meeting in the vast parish that is mine.

The influence which comes from the life of the president of the Synod goes far to interpret the Church to the outside world. Our own Church has for many years been misunderstood and often ignored in the public life of the nation. The life of many congregations as concentrated in the president of the Synod allows the Church to speak in a more definite manner, and thus she is more readily understood by those who are without. The world is by no means hostile to such an expression, but is eager to know the message which the Church has to offer.

Fortunate is the president who is supported by an efficient and sympathetic assistant. It has been my happy lot during the second term to have associated with me as my secretary, Mr. Harold Butcher, a young English writer and newspaper correspondent. His keen intelligence, his loyalty, his untiring energy, and his fine Christian spirit have greatly strengthened my work and placed the entire Synod in his debt.

CHAPTER X

THE WORLD-WIDE WORK OF THE SYNOD

The initial impulse for organizing the Synod of New York and New England was the development of the Church throughout this territory. Many of the original churches had been trained to a world vision of Christianity. This immediately wove foreign missions into the fibre of the Synodical plan. There are still many who contend that our obligation is, for the present, limited to the home field. The larger view, however, has prevailed, and it is this which has given to our work at home a greater virility. The Synod immediately took part in the work which the General Council was maintaining in the Rajahmundry field in India. This work had been initiated by the Rev. Christian F. Heyer, M.D., who was the first foreign missionary of the Lutheran Church in America. He organized the Guntur mission in 1842, when a man fifty years of age. He later organized the Rajahmundry station. After Father Heyer's return from his second term in India, hard, heavy days fell upon the work there, and, in 1869, he prevailed upon the Ministerium of Pennsylvania to send him back to save his mission, he being then seventy-seven years of age. In the development of this field, which had been watered by so rich a heritage, our Synod participated.

The organizing of the United Lutheran Church, in 1918, led the Synod, through this enlarged organization, into still wider fields. Our Synod now through the

United Lutheran Church is making its life felt in Liberia, Africa, where work was begun in 1860, Japan (1893), the Argentine (1898), and British Guiana (1915). In addition to this, the Synod is also participating in the work in China through the transfer of the Shantung mission by the Berlin Missionary Society to the United Lutheran Church.

The World War did great harm to the foreign mission enterprise of the Church. Many fields were orphaned. This emergency the Lutheran Church of America met, and with fine sacrifice and devotion has helped to maintain the mission fields which have formerly been supported by the Lutheran Church societies of Germany. Eight orphaned mission fields have thus been carried by the Lutherans of America.

The Synod of New York and New England is directly represented among the missionaries of the various fields. One of our pastors, the Rev. Oscar Werner, has been loaned to the Gossner Mission in India, and is helping to bridge over the post-war problems in this important field. He is the superintendent of schools of the mission. With determined courage and faith the members of this mission decided to become autonomous rather than leave the Church of their first loyalty. In the guiding of these devoted people our Synod is taking a leading part. Miss Agatha Tatge, who is supported by the Church of the Advent, New York, is in charge of the dispensary and boarding school for girls in Kotapad, India. She is also helping in the care of one of the orphaned missions. Miss Maida S. Meissner, who went into mission work through the influence of Advent Church, New York, and the student church at Ithaca, is the superintendent of nurses in the mission hospital at Rajahmundry.

Miss Alice Nickel, who is supported by the Church of the Good Shepherd, Brooklyn, New York, is in charge

of the lace school and converts' home for women at Narasaravupet in the Guntur district. There was need for some work whereby destitute widows and deserted wives could earn a decent living. The building has been erected which offers quarters for the women as well as class and work rooms. The women remain in the home for a period of six months, during which they receive general religious and secular instruction. They are specifically trained to make lace. After their instruction is completed, they return to their homes equipped to make an honest living. Thus the number of alumnae of this school multiplies very rapidly. This enterprise in which Miss Nickel is engaged is a new work, and it has presented many difficulties. "Manual labor is not looked upon with much favor in India," she stated in one of her reports. "Due to a lack of trained workers the missionary often has to make many of the patterns herself, and prepare the work for the women. We have no matron, consequently we have to treat all the sick women ourselves. Then there are quarrels to settle and other unpleasant features, which bring pain and sorrow to the missionary. But progress is being made."

The Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, is supporting the Rev. A. F. A. Neudoerffer, who is working in Rajahmundry. Miss Marion E. Potts, who was a very active worker in our church at Ithaca, is now one of the teachers in the mission school in Japan. In addition to this, many of the congregations in the Synod are supporting protegés among the native students in the foreign mission fields.

Our Synod has not only participated in the foreign mission work of the Church throughout a period when it has grown in extent. It has also participated in the development of policy which has brought the Gospel of Christ, through various media, into the lives of these Oriental people. A mission station to-day consists of

more than a chapel where the Word of God is preached, or the street mission where evangelists instruct the crowd of hearers. The Church is making her work count by variegated approaches to the lives of those whom she would reach. The medical work has been developed by the commissioning of the most capable physicians and surgeons, and by the establishment of hospitals under the care of trained nurses. Through high schools and colleges the mind of the growing generation is reached. Occupations are provided so that a self-respecting manhood and womanhood may be developed. Men are trained in agriculture and women in lace-making and domestic economy. The foreign mission enterprise of the present time enlists agencies of the most diverse kinds so that by every avenue the Gospel of Christ may be brought to these lands.

A most hopeful feature of the missionary enterprise is the coming to life of the indigenous Church. The native Christians are being trained to take responsibility, and they are developing as intelligent and reliable leaders. At the Eisenach Conference, the Lutheran Church of India was represented by Professor J. D. Asirvadam, secretary of the Tamil Church, Madras, a layman of such vision that when he came to the United States in 1924 he was an inspiration to every group before which he appeared. Such men are the very finest testimony to the value of foreign missions. The Church can increasingly trust her task to native Christians.

In the development of our Synod's participation in foreign mission enterprise, no little credit must be given to the women of the churches. In the early days, before the work was thoroughly organized, the women's missionary societies were the only responsive and reliable factors. They first grasped the real meaning of the great commission of Christ. With the strengthening of the Church in this country, the women's societies have gone

into larger forms of service. Each convention of the Women's Missionary Society of the Synod marks new accomplishment.

The Luther Leagues have given our young people a definite program of foreign mission work. In the present establishment of Andhra College, the leaders are planning to take an active part. This vision is brought to the young people in the Sunday School. Many parishes emphasize missions at one service each month. With this training, one looks forward in keen anticipation to the vigor of the foreign mission program of the coming generation.

When America entered the World War the Synod had an enrollment of sixty-six pastors. Before the war was well advanced, seven of these men left their parishes to become chaplains in the Forces of the United States Army and Navy. The Rev. Edwin F. Keever, D.D., Ithaca, New York; the Rev. Charles Rahn, New Rochelle, N. Y.; the Rev. Samuel Trexler, Buffalo, N. Y.; the Rev. Charles D. Trexler, Brooklyn, N. Y.; the Rev. Henry A. D. Wacker, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and the Rev. Emil W. Weber, Yonkers, N. Y., went into the Army. The Rev. Henry Fry, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., entered the Navy. This contribution of the Synod to the Forces of the nation literally decimated our ranks, and the Synod was known throughout the churches as the Fighting Synod. When our men began going into the service, the Inner Mission Society strove to meet the needs which the Church should provide. Very quickly, however, the different Lutheran bodies of the country united in the formation of the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers and Sailors. The churches responded to this appeal with a generosity never before experienced, and out of it have come some of the larger movements of the Church since the Armistice.

When the world came to its senses after the night-

mare of war, it saw on every hand nothing but disorder and devastation. The Church, too, was faced with a task the magnitude of which she had never before imagined. Europe had been exhausted by the four years of struggle; the conquerors were no better off than the vanquished. It was at the very start an appeal to the life of the Church. It is a matter of rejoicing that the Church in America responded to the appeal. While the statesmen were gathered round the peace table, the Church sent her leaders abroad to study methods whereby she might help those individuals and institutions who were prostrate after the experience of war. Out of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Commission came the National Lutheran Council, which secured as its executive director that Viking in body and spirit, the Rev. Dr. Lauritz Larsen, and, after his untimely end, the Rev. Dr. John A. Morehead. Under the healing ministry as well as the statesman-like vision of these two men, the Lutheran Church of the world came to have a consciousness of itself hitherto unrealized. The Church in this country poured out its wealth over a period of seven years exceeding $6,000,000 in amount. Beginning with France, she ministered eastward through all the countries of Europe, and is still to-day investing her life and resources so that the Church of Russia may again come to saving strength. The entire story of this crusade of healing belongs to the history of the National Lutheran Council.

The Synod of New York and New England took a generous part in the work of bringing food and clothing to individuals in distress; in strengthening parishes by the support of their pastors; assisting orphanages and old folks' homes; together with all the other instruments of the Inner Mission; and, finally, helping many of the discouraged to new heart and faith. It is an absorbing story of post-war reconstruction. It has

brought together the churches of all the various countries in the warmth, sympathy, and understanding which was evidenced in the Convention at Eisenach in 1923, and which will go on increasingly in its ministry to mankind in the name of Christ.

"In the 1922 appeal for $850,000, the National Lutheran Council received $9,956.71 from the Synod of New York and New England," Dr. Morehead stated in a letter he sent me. "In the 1923–24 appeal for $1,500,000, $22,043.81 was received from your Synod; in the 1925 World Service Appeal for $500,000, the sum of $7,733.52 was received from your Synod. . . We are very grateful indeed for the generous share that your progressive body has always taken in this great work of Christian love and mercy, which has resulted so remarkably in the conservation of endangered forces of our Church abroad." In all the Synod has contributed over $80,000.

The Synod of New York and New England has lived through a period of unprecedented challenge for the Church. Men have come to realize that their faith is not the selfish saving of their own souls but a call to a world-wide interest in the coming of the Kingdom of God.

CHAPTER XI

UNITING LUTHERAN FORCES

The past twenty-five years have witnessed miracles in the bringing together of Lutheran groups. To the superficial onlooker the outstanding distinction of the Lutheran Church has been her many divisions. The census reports put down the Lutheran Church as divided into about thirty sects; to-day the number has been reduced to approximately twenty. There is some justice in this impression of the onlooker; our divisions have dissipated our forces in tragic fashion. We oftentimes warred against one another. While underneath there was adherence to the same standards of faith, yet in practice many distressing developments militated against our unity.

These divisions had two causes. One was the language problem, which in no Christian communion was as complex as with us. It is the constant glory of our Church that she ministers in all the principal languages of the world. Her effectiveness is limited by no tongue, yet this fact constituted one of her greatest problems. The Protestant Churches of America other than our own have no knowledge of this difficulty. The Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, and Methodist Churches came to this country from Great Britain and could use their native tongue. While our Church was contending with the language question, they could immediately take root and establish themselves. Much of our energy

has, therefore, gone to the translating of our life and history into the language of the land.

The other problem that brought these differences into being was the geographical antecedents of the various waves of Lutherans that came to this country. The different provinces of Germany gave different forms to the many Lutheran groups that came from that country. Professor Lars Boe, the Norwegian leader, recently acknowledged that the Norwegians coming to this country from the thirty-seven valleys of that north land each brought with them the distinctive customs of the district. For many years Synodical divisions were on the increase, and many men were hopeless of a movement toward uniting the Church. But in the last ten years even the most hopeful have been astounded. Strong movements for the unifying of Lutheran forces first began with the Norwegians who, in 1917, organized the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America of 300,000 members, uniting three bodies hitherto independent. From my very childhood I had been accustomed to hear in my Father's home of the divisions between the General Synod and the General Council. Many were the prayers for the ultimate union of these bodies, but the most sanguine felt that it would not be accomplished in this generation. Finally, brought about to some degree by the coöperation that was needed in the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' Welfare, the three general bodies of the Muhlenberg Foundation merged into the United Lutheran Church during the days of the Armistice in 1918. The merger of the United Synod of the South, the General Synod, and the General Council has been much more effective than one would have dared hope, and the day of the old slogans has now quite passed.

The effectiveness of the merger has been heightened under the leadership of the first president, the Rev. Dr.

Frederick H. Knubel, whose sincerity and ability have readily commanded the loyalty and confidence of every group.

The merging of the constituent Synods of the United Lutheran Church has been going on ever since that initial merger of the general bodies. In the older territories of New York and Pennsylvania progress has been slower, owing to the longer history behind the churches situated there. In 1917 the Synod of New York and New England appointed a commission, on the recommendation of President Horn, to study plans for a merger with the Synod of New York and the Ministerium of New York. The plans of this commission never came to fruition. In 1923 a new committee from the Synod of New York and New England was appointed to coöperate with the committees of the two other Synods. The Synod of New York and New England adopted the plan of merger at its Convention in Ithaca in 1925; the Synod of New York has since then likewise adopted the report; and the New York Ministerium has given strong indication that it will consummate its action on the merger. Such a union will remove much cause of offense, and will be able to support a progressive policy of missions and education.

The relief work which was done by the National Lutheran Council in the stricken countries of the war was the only agency which could have brought about a gathering of the Lutheran forces of the world. The executive director, the Rev. Dr. John A. Morehead, had come into personal touch with the leaders of the Church throughout Europe. His personality was strongly effective in calling the World Convention of Lutherans at Eisenach in August, 1923. In that city mellowed by time and history, there gathered the representatives from twenty-two nations, some of them recently warring against one another, but now one in a

common purpose for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. The devotional services in the famous St. George's Church in the Square, as well as the meetings in the Wartburg, and, later, discussions of fundamental topics, and the new friendships established, made an indelible impression on the hearts and minds of those who were present. And for the 80,000,000 Lutherans it must have brought a day of wiser coöperation and deeper consecration to our common Lord, and the Church whose children we are.

The process of merging has had to do not merely with the larger bodies. It must be faced by many local congregations. In the days of our multiplying divisions, congregations were often established one against the other. This meant a waste of material resources and a waste of men. As the Synods are now coming to merge, so will the same obligation rest upon many contiguous congregations. Methods of transit are much more efficient than they were twenty-five years ago. In many communities it will be better to have a well equipped congregation, with a trained staff of workers, than to have a number of weak churches that are separately trying to maintain an existence.

The merging of our Synodical bodies brings in the hope of a new era for our educational institutions. Instead of a small group of churches making an effort to maintain a struggling educational institution, the merged bodies can definitely plan a forward looking educational policy which must bring to its support the loyalty of many people who are interested in this finer policy. Such institutions will be in a position to develop a supply for one of the Church's greatest needs—highly trained leadership.

Competition in the establishment of missions will also be done away with. The policy of the United Lutheran Church has already shown the development

of this idea. With a strong organization behind the new churches, adequate aid can be administered. Instead of young congregations resting on the Mission Board for an entire generation, by immediate development they can become self-supporting within two or three years.

The process of merging is an indication of the fact that men are willing to sacrifice certain of their idiosyncracies so that the work of Christ may be strengthened.

As this chapter is concluding, insistent voices are heard both from the Norwegian and Swedish churches, asking that the union of the American Lutheran Church bodies be no longer kept merely in the limbo of pious desires. Educational and conference programs, looking toward the uniting of all the church bodies that have worked through the medium of the National Lutheran Council, are to be inaugurated. If marvels have been accomplished within the past ten years, who shall venture to predict what this generation may still see accomplished? Momentum toward merging has been created, and its pace is even now accelerating.

CHAPTER XII

THE MODERN PASTOR'S EQUIPMENT

Any man who has been in the ministry for a quarter of a century will find lying upon him very heavily the urge to deliver a course of lectures out of his own experiences, before theological students. Such a course might nevertheless fail in its purpose. When I think back upon the slight preparation for my great work which I had when I left the seminary, it seems to me that the equipment comes largely with experience. This does not take away from theological schools the obligation to exert themselves to the utmost to lay the foundation for this great calling.

Uppermost in my mind at the end of this period—I celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of my ordination on June 24th, 1924—is my sense of the joy and satisfaction that belong to the faithful minister of Jesus Christ. My ministry has consisted of two pastorates where the conditions have been almost antipodal; and three periods of serving in extra-parish ministeries. In each of them I have realized a happiness which I feel no other vocation can give. Paul began the refrain which must be taken up by every faithful pastor: "I thank Christ Jesus, our Lord, for that he counted me faithful putting me into his ministry."

Paul's message of the Christ has gone from country to country these nineteen centuries. The opportunity of the preacher of the twentieth century is still more romantic. His words go, through public press and

radio, far beyond any gathering of individuals; instead of a congregation, he addresses a continent. While the Scriptural method of multiplication in spiritual matters was forty-and-sixty- and one hundred-fold those figures to-day are increased to dazzling dimensions. All of which requires that the preacher of the unsearchable riches of Christ must give himself with more sacrificial effort to his great vocation, that he may enter the opportunities which the unbounded life of this age offers him.

In addition to this, the demands of this age are more exacting. In former years the minister, by traditional convention, stood supreme in his community. To-day, amid all the myriad voices which claim the attention of every man, the preacher must have a distinct message, lest it be lost in the babel of sounds which appeal to every human being. If the preaching of the Gospel in days gone by was an outstanding vocation, the settings of this age demand that it must be still more arresting.

It is a matter of distinct joy that the quality of young men who are entering the ministry is constantly improving. This is noteworthy in the face of the fact that their number is also increasing. Yet we dare not be content unless the challenge of this tremendous work calls forth the most gifted of the young men in the Church. It is only thus that the Church can take the position of leadership which must be hers if the world is to be saved. It is, therefore, incumbent upon the Church to provide in her schools the most effective training for her leaders. This means a rich inflow of moneys for the very finest equipment and buildings, but it means primarily the utmost care in the selection of the right men who are to train the pastors for their work. The state has demanded of medical schools the raising of standards; and the Church, with a keener vision, dare not rest with schools that are breathing the

atmosphere of a past generation. Otherwise the Church continues again in a vicious circle instead of advancing according to the needs of the newer times.

The minister's greatest opportunity continues to lie in the messages which he gives to his congregation. It is in the sermon that he can most effectively concentrate his personality and his message. The effort and the energy invested in the preparation for this period of preaching, the pinnacle of his week's work, will bring him rich harvest. It is at the time of worship that the congregation is most open to receive his message. It is, therefore, necessary that the successful pastor conserve his effort and make supreme in his life the matter of preaching. The Archbishop of Canterbury has recently called attention to the weakness of preaching in the Anglican Church. In this country, the President of Columbia University made it the centre of his annual report. "The greatest obstacle to religious faith, religious conviction and religious worship," he stated, "is the attitude and influence of a very large proportion of the poorly endowed, and poorly educated Protestant clergy." In his Yale lectures on preaching, Phillips Brooks summed up the essentials of a successful preacher in the two terms of culture and consecration. The young minister must not only come to his sublime task with a fine equipment of culture, but he must tirelessly persist in his endeavors to maintain this standard.

The maintenance of this standard comes only by systematic, concentrated daily study and thought. In the normal pastor's life, the greatest enemy against this adequate preparation confronts him in the form of the parasites that sap his time and energy. Against these he must continually be waging war. Only by so doing can he preserve his life as a pastor and perform the work for which he has been trained.

The community, with its programs, is constantly fill-

ing the time of the pastor, and is thereby robbing itself of that which he might give in the full exercise of his pastoral office. A public hall is needed; the community appoints the local clergyman to collect the funds to build one. Or, maybe, a town fire department needs to be organized, and the pastor is expected to take charge. He is placed on all sorts of committees—welfare committees, baby's milk committees, health committees, and what-not—and the members of the local Chamber of Commerce, Rotary Club, and Kiwanis Club invite him to their dinners so that he may "jolly" them along with optimistic speeches. And, to cap it all, the local politicians descend upon him for the use of his parish hall, and even of his church, for their propaganda.

The congregation of the present day adds still further to the embarrassment of the clergyman. It measures its success by the elaborate program of activities which appear on the Sunday bulletin. Without providing itself with workers to take care of these activities —it expects the pastor to be a specialist in athletics, a director of men's clubs, a maitre d'hôtel to arrange the menu for a congregational dinner, a leader in the preparation of fitting celebrations for every national day that comes along, and a publicity agent for free lectures to advertise some soup or breakfast food before women's clubs.

To equip him for all this, the congregation places its pastor in a business-like office, where his time is consumed with telephone calls, answering correspondence, and granting interviews. The man they have chosen to interpret the things of this life in their spiritual values is scattering his energies in a pathetic and often unworthy wastefulness.

In his zeal to accomplish his purpose the preacher himself is frequently misled. He chooses the lower level of organization, and feels that when the wheels

of the societies are humming God has been brought into the life of his flock. There never was a time when organization was so rife as it is to-day. To the superficial observer this is life; but that "life" is really a mirage.

Let us take a typical day in the life of the much harassed pastor. He is as diligent as his parishioners and starts the day at seven o'clock. If he is a man of family with the proverbial limited salary, he must spend some time in the chores of the house—fires must be cared for and ashes must be moved; occasionally there is some break in the equipment, and before the household can move he must prove his skill as a plumber. His mail arrives at 8.30. Before he has carefully examined it there appears an insurance agent or the salesman for a new typewriter. This call is interrupted by the sexton of the church telling him that the coal bin must be replenished. Then some parishioner comes with a plea for sympathy in a story that might have been condensed from one hour to fifteen minutes. When the caller has taken her departure, it will be necessary for the clergyman to go out for certain purchases to meet the day's needs of the household.

He comes back at noon and reports to the family before going to the luncheon of the Kiwanis Club. At two o'clock there is a meeting of the women of the parish to plan for the annual linen shower. That takes till half-past-three or four. At four o'clock he meets with a committee at the Y. M. C. A. to plan for the drive for the community chest. He agrees to take the captaincy of one of the teams, and then from five to six telephones the ten men he hopes to enlist.

After dinner he goes to the church at 7.30 to see the basket-ball game between his young men and those of the Second Church. At 8.30 he speaks to the men's club—but not of his own church! The mayor of the

city, who was to have spoken at the meeting, was unavoidably detained on account of an unexpected meeting of the city planning committee. Half-past-ten finds the pastor at home telling his wife of all the interesting events of the day. Alas, not one of these has been his real job! He has been compelled to use his energies for the entire day in pursuits that have no relation to his calling. Many of them have no value whatever, even if they did not eat into the precious energies of a clergyman.

The Church by encouraging this dissipation of the pastor's energies creates a boomerang which strikes back upon herself. The pastor, in his conscientious study and meditation, grows in his spiritual life, and, in the days of his maturity, must be able to minister the more fully both as a preacher and as a pastor. It is then that the Church receives her largest values from the man whom she has trained. There is, however, an insistent demand on the part of parishes for young men. The occasion for this lies in the fact that many of the older men have not continued in the enrichment of their life, and thus fail in their values, both for themselves and the Church, at the time when they should be most productive. Herein lies the tragedy both for the Church and the individual pastor.

To stop this dissipation of energy, the community and the congregation must get a clearer vision of the purpose of the preacher. The physician has his very definite position; everyone knows that he is there to care for physical health. The merchant is not a confused figure before the public. His vocation is the purveying of needed commodities. He has a very distinct work to do which occupies him throughout the day. The community, however, looks upon the clergyman with a hazy vision, and pushes him into every niche where a man is required. The clergyman himself, eager

to make his life count, is willing to sacrifice himself for the second best. By so doing, he sacrifices the very vocation for which he has been prepared.

The remedy for this vague condition which disintegrates the religious life of the congregation and of the community just as it dissipates the life of the minister is that the pastor must come to a clear consciousness of his vocation. His task is the leading of the spiritual life of his people. He must say with the first preacher to the Gentiles, "This one thing I do!" He must courageously cut out of his life the parasites that not only eat out his energies but unfit him for any concentrated, consecutive thinking. It can be done. The masters of the pulpit have done it. The silver-tongued Jowett who crowded the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church whenever the doors were opened came to his ministry with many gifts; but the real messages which so swayed his congregations and led them to heights which were more than of earth came from a cloistered life. Newman, who throughout his generation dominated the thought of the Anglican Church, and then of the Roman Church, chiselled his messages in exquisite English during hours of conscientious and concentrated study. Luther, who restored the pulpit to the Christian Church, insisted that his preachers give the major part of their time to study and meditation.

In the two parishes which I have served I have had the two extreme experiences. In Messiah Church there was the never-ending care for detail which should have been thrust upon other shoulders; but, in my eagerness as a young pastor, I had still to learn the wisdom of dividing the labors. Here my preparation of the sermon gave way to the numberless calls of that lively parish.

My first experience brought me profit for my second parish, and the Church of the Redeemer most kindly coöperated with my plan. There was provided for the

church an attractive study where I spent every morning from nine till one o'clock. There were few interruptions; and I spent each week-day morning in reading and study. When Saturday noon arrived there was the sermon in manuscript, thoroughly thought through. Under these conditions I had a taste of the joy of preaching. Although the manuscript never went with me into the pulpit, and the verbiage was frequently changed, yet I had clearly worked out in my own mind the message which I wanted my congregation to grasp.

There is a quality in sermons that appeals to me, a quality which I call freshness. Preaching is truth expressed through personality. This quality comes only when that which is expressed in the pulpit comes warm from the preacher's own study and experience. This is for me the line of demarcation between good and bad sermons. The preacher must constantly fight against the evil of routine; with deadly routine there comes the inevitable loss of ideals. Standards will lower unless there is a persistent effort to strive only for the highest. It will be a wise investment each year to read some course of preaching. The Yale lectures on preaching published year after year, beginning with Henry Ward Beecher's famous series, will richly repay the pastor and restore to him forgotten ideals. A distinguished preacher recently said to me, "I read no fewer than ten of the great English sermons every week." When my own mind becomes jaded I invariably turn to the sermons of Phillips Brooks, and they never fail to bring new inspiration. His biography has always been to me a vade mecum. I have tried to vary my general reading so as to cover every department of literature, but I find that I increasingly have the greatest satisfaction from reading biography and autobiography. It is a good plan to have a book on hand at all times so that the few moments before an

engagement, or a lull in the work of the day, may be wisely invested. For a trifle one can, these days, secure masterpieces which can be carried about in the pocket to be read on the subway or during an unexpected wait. The pastor has need above all other men of redeeming the time. Most insidiously there will be breaking in upon him, at every turn, the temptation to lose his most precious possession.

The successful preacher must maintain his balance. In the pastoral relation he finds the complement to his study. He can by no means prescribe for the spiritual life unless by his contacts he comes to know the needs of the people in his congregation. Dr. Cuyler's dictum, "A house-going preacher makes a church-going people," is true along two avenues. The people come to know him, and he comes to know their needs so that he can preach according to them. He must move among his men, especially his young men, not in an inquisitive fashion but so that he may know their life and thought. In response to such actual conditions his message must then have a freshness which cannot but grip the hearts of those that hear him. The thought and study of the secluded hours will have been vitalized by his contacts with the outside world.

My own ministry has been unique in having been broken into from time to time by special calls. A temporary relinquishment of the pastoral office has given me a perspective which has made my work more telling on my return to the parish. I have often wished that the Church might give each of her pastors such an opportunity by granting a sabbatic year, as is now found necessary in the teaching profession. Large commercial enterprises call together their salesmen at least once a year so as to correct former methods and to suggest new ones. What a splendid thing it would be if the Church might call together her pastors at frequent

intervals to re-align them both in matter and manner, according to the highest standards of preaching. A slight mannerism of speech or bearing often creates a distressing defect in the message which is to be delivered. The institution of pastors' retreats and conferences in which our great vocation is again reviewed is a hopeful sign of the times.

While the sabbatic year may seem too chimerical at present, the need can somewhat be supplied by a definite summer vacation which supplies not only a rest but new inspiration. My own experience has taught me the wise investment of travel. Twenty years ago I made my first voyage to Europe on a salary at that time still only $800 per year. It meant some hardship and very careful calculation, even to the point of returning through money borrowed in England. It was worth the sacrifice for the inspiration and the recreation which it brought me, not only in visiting places of interest, but in an enlarged circle of friends who have enriched my life ever since. The special rates which are now being made by the steamship companies place this same opportunity in the hands of many of our pastors who would be thinking such a tour impossible.

Since that first European trip, I have again and again experienced not only the joy of travel, but the pleasure of anticipation in planning for it beforehand. In 1908 I revisited Europe, this time going south as far as the Eternal City. In 1911 Dr. Devol and I crossed early so as to participate in the colorful function of the coronation of King George V. After a crowded month in London I went to the Scandinavian countries. My contacts with the Norwegians, the Swedes, and the Danes, all of whom have contributed so lavishly to the life of our own Church in this country, have ever since been helpful to me in my ministry. In 1923 I went with my brother, the Rev. Charles Trexler, and the Rev.

H. C. Erbes, to the lands of the Near East, and my visit to the sacred scenes of the Bible have made that story stand out with a reality which it never had before. Each visit has made the next one more attractive; and when, in 1925, I visited many of the Church leaders in Central Europe, it was with the feeling of everywhere meeting old friends.

The joy of the preacher's life lies in this—that he can use every experience in the furtherance of his calling. The more he enriches his own life the more definitely does he enrich the lives of those to whom he ministers. Thus to himself as well as to his parish, does he owe the obligation of utilizing every means of securing genuine culture.

The work of many zealous pastors is wrecked by their impatience. The flock moves into higher realms of faith, or into wider spheres of service, at a pace slower than the shepherd had planned. It is the wise pastor who can then sympathetically enter into the lives of those who have been entrusted to him. He will clearly see the obstacles that prevent more rapid progress. At the same time, he will have the patience of the Man of Galilee, who, after having trained them for three years, with an intimacy that none of us can have, yet taught His disciples as though they had been children.

The modern Church Council, in consulting a Synodical official about a new pastor, emphasizes two qualities. He must be a hustler and mixer. These two highly colored terms of the twentieth century have in them much of value. The life of such a man, however, will quickly wear thin unless it is fed by a living relation with Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

CHAPTER XIII

CHURCH FINANCE

Money is not a primary consideration in the building up of the Kingdom of God. It is, however, an index of the extent of men's loyalty. There was apparently no financial problem when Solomon built the Temple. The king was the state, and all the resources of the nation were commandeered for the king's purposes. The Early Church had "all things in common", This was simply another method of meeting the financial problem. It collapsed quickly when the immediate return of Christ was not realized. In the lands of the Reformation, finance in the Church never came much to the fore because the state provided for the upkeep of churches and the maintenance of pastors. To counteract this condition of many centuries has been one of the continuous tasks of the Lutheran Church in America.

When the Synod of New York and New England was formed, it fell heir to the treasury of the English Conference and began its life with a working capital of $258. The apportionments which were placed upon the congregations at that time did not give evidence of much idealism. The Apportionment Committee presented a total of apportionments for the thirty-seven congregations amounting to $1,570. For many years the Apportionment Committee had both the heaviest and the most disagreeable task in the entire Synod. Congregations had to be taken to task because

of the non-payment of these assessments. This made the Synodical Convention distasteful to many men. For the first years of the Synod's life its treasury and financial policy were so inchoate that one never planned anything definite because of the probability of its not being executed.

It was during the presidency of the Rev. William M. Horn that the Synod came to a systematic financial plan, whereby one was able to carry out at least the local work of the Synod. The support of the great missionary and educational programs was purely a matter of haphazard. Congregations gave largely as they could be reached by the agencies of the general causes. The average member of the churches felt very little responsibility for the support of the work of the Synod, and still less for the world-wide extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

The American people learned a new standard of giving throughout the war. With the desire to help the men in the service and the cause for which America stood, the average man gave in a fashion which he had never known before. He possibly caught some of the satisfaction of giving, but under all conditions he was trained to give. And he learned that after he had given unstintedly his normal life was not at all restricted.

The organizing of the United Lutheran Church in 1918 was the occasion for the institution of an entirely new financial plan. During his term of office, President F. F. Fry visited every centre of the Synod and placed the financial support of the Church on a totally new basis. Congregations gasped at the enlarged contributions which were expected from them, but in some mysterious fashion they rose to that which the Synod planned. It is a matter of distinct satisfaction to look back only a few years and see how every congregation in the Synod now has a regard for the work of the

Church beyond its own bounds. The continuous process of education has brought this result: it has brought into action a splendid group of laymen who are supporting the pastors in these newer ideals. On both the Executive Committee and the Finance Committee we have had men of this type; men like the late Mr. Robert Gaskell, who was deep in the affection of the entire Synod and loyal to its every forward move; Mr. Fred J. Walter, who has served as treasurer of the Synod since 1909, and has superintended a steadily growing budget; Mr. Frederick Henrich, who serves both on the Executive Committee of the Synod and the United Lutheran Church; Mr. William H. Stackel, who was largely responsible for the church at Ithaca; Mr. James Gear, whose Scotch lineage has given him an aggressive championship of the Synod's work; Mr. Robert F. Bowe, who succeeded Mr. Gaskell, not only in position, but in loyalty; Mr. Rodney T. Martinsen, who has been a strong influence in the Brotherhood work; Mr. Heiby W. Ungerer, whose chairmanship of the Finance Committee has established our budget on a firmer foundation, and Mr. Philip Machemer, who has faithfully represented the Church of the Atonement, Buffalo, at almost every Convention of the Synod.

We can look forward to the time when the gathering of funds and the planning for financial budgets will be entirely in the hands of the men of the churches, men who are eager to put into effect the same business-like methods with which they conduct their own enterprises. We now have in every community a group of consecrated laymen who are giving themselves for the education and stimulation of the congregations of the Synod. The old plan of supporting the Church by pew rentals has disappeared, and each individual of the Church, irrespective of age or earning capacity, is giving to the Church as the Lord has prospered him. The reflex of

this upon the spiritual life of the people is most enriching.

This same method of voluntary giving has been developed in the congregations and in Synodical objectives. Congregations are just as diverse as individuals in their ability to give. The constant bickering on the floor of the Synod as to the justice of the apportionments has disappeared. The total budget is presented to the congregations, and, with a feeling of responsibility, they give as they are able toward the extension of the Church. The Synod has made an effort so that giving throughout shall have the quality which Paul emphasized, being cheerful. At the same time, our lay leaders are bringing into our church life the consciousness that our obligations to the Kingdom of God are just as urgent as those of any other part of our existence. It is at least putting the Kingdom of God on a parity with the other demands of our life. Sometime we shall come to the goal which was emphasized by the Master in the sermon on the Mount: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness."

The method of financing the individual congregation has also progressed in such a manner as to give genuine grounds for joy. Haphazard financing and methods which even the world condemns are slinking away. There are still congregations which gather the major part of their support by doubtful money-making devices, which are neither business-like nor Christian—devices such as fairs, suppers and raffles. The humblest person in the parish would refrain from using these methods in the support of his home; why, then, should the cause of Christ be supported by such unworthy methods? As the individual Christian comes to understand that he expresses his own life in a very full manner by the support of the great educational and missionary programs of the Church, so will he come to

know and enjoy the satisfaction that must come from generous investment of his goods in these causes.

While the Church's primary purpose must lie in developing a genuine Christian motive in giving, she must also, with the keenness of the business man, husband her resources. In our Synod there is no less than $5,000,000 invested in the buildings of the various congregations. The indebtedness on this is very slight. What splendid security this offers for the purchase of ground and the construction of buildings for new congregations! In the Roman Catholic Church, the diocese can borrow on the sum total of its property. This allows the purchase of property located on the most advantageous sites. The Church deserves locations where she can best purvey to the community that which she has to offer. Evangelical churches are not permitted an organization as central as that in the Roman Catholic Church; but what prevents congregations with valuable property from borrowing money to mother some new mission? This has been done in several congregations in our Synod, and the example will be followed by many more.

The Synod of New York and New England at present needs, beyond all other things, an endowment for church extension. It would be a happy marking of this jubilee year if someone would create an endowment which could be added to again and again. The funds would be invested in one new mission for a period of years and then transferred to another new enterprise. Thus, throughout time, it would roll on, bringing vigor to every movement which it touched.

The life of the Synod has been marked not only by more generous and more spontaneous giving, but also by the increasing consecration of the best gifts of our business men for the great business of the Master.

CHAPTER XIV

LUTHERANS IN NEW YORK CITY

1913

New York City this year celebrates the 300th anniversary of the purchase of Manhattan Island by Peter Minuit from the Indians. The price of $24 has made it the most profitable deal in the history of New York's astounding real estate transactions. There were Lutherans among the first shipload of Hollanders that landed on this island in 1623. The Dutch Church was, however, naturally the first church to be organized on this territory in 1628. It was not until 1648 that the Lutherans had the courage, in the face of Dutch loyalty to the reformed confessions, to petition for their own pastor. Then for two hundred years there follows a history of the Lutheran Church in these parts which runs the entire gamut of church difficulties and problems —the language question, wars, disloyalty of pastors, long vacancies in pastorates, and theological differences, together with materialism and worldliness. The congregations at times enjoyed the strongest leaders the Church has ever known in this country—the patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, who supplied Trinity Church, located at the southwest corner of Broadway and Rector street, and preached in the German, Dutch, and English languages; his son, Frederick A. C. Muhlenberg, who became the pastor of the Old Swamp Church, on Frankfort street, and later the first speaker of the National House of Representatives; and Dr. John Christopher

Kunze, who was a scholar, a writer, and an administrator of distinction, and professor of Oriental languages at Columbia University.

Yet the effort of the Lutherans in New York City for two centuries resulted in but one congregation, St. Matthew's Church, on Walker street. From this centre the third century of Lutheranism in New York had its beginning. In 1827 the fragments of former English churches were gathered by the Rev. Frederick C. Schaeffer into a congregation to be known as St. James's Church. It was not infrequent that some Cassandra came to the conclusion that the Lutheran Church had lost its opportunity in New York City. Opportunities, however, renewed themselves, and at the close of the third century of New York's life the Lutheran Church expresses herself in the metropolitan area through 451 congregations. One wonders whether anywhere in the history of the Christian Church there has been such a marvelous development. It makes New York City with its environs the strongest Lutheran centre in the world. It also expresses the polyglot quality of our Church. Every Sunday the gospel is preached in the English, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Esthonian, Lithuanian, Lettish, Finnish, Yiddish, Slovak, Italian, and Spanish languages. Also occasionally there are services in the Bohemian language. Even the Roman Catholic Church does not express herself in so many varied tongues.

When I came to New York City in the fall of 1899, the metropolis was still a provincial community. I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge during the rush hours, standing on the running board of a car, with my bag in one hand and a guitar case in the other. This picture of tranquil transportation seems far removed from the rush hours of the present day in the subway. The Brooklyn Bridge was the one band that connected Man-

hattan with Brooklyn. There were no subways nor tubes to Brooklyn, and I witnessed the opening of each of the three later East River bridges. Horse cars were still leisurely ambling along, although in danger of being superseded by the cable cars, and elevated trains chugged along comfortably under the power of diminutive engines. The business section of Manhattan went from Twenty-third Street southward, and to the north there were miles of agreeable brownstone houses which seemed too substantial ever to be removed. Since then two great railroad centres have developed in Manhattan, which have been to a great extent the cause of much of its upheaval. The world in those days was without wireless telegraphy, the motion picture, the aeroplane, and radio broadcasting. In the heart of Manhattan, as well as in Brooklyn, there were still strong congregations in which the family pew was the outstanding feature. The leaders in politics, in business, and in religion were Americans of many generations. Since then changes have crept in, many of them so quietly that they came unobserved. It is only when one makes an assize such as this that one notes the difference. The people of the present generation can scarcely picture conditions as they were at the beginning of this century.

It was not difficult in those days to know the men who were responsible for the life of the Lutheran Church. It was a small circle, but made up of men of warm heart and strong mind. The most interesting personality in the story of the Lutheran Church of New York City is the Rev. Dr. George Unangst Wenner. Brought up in the most conservative section of Eastern Pennsylvania, he finally chose the metropolis for his field, which has given him contacts with the entire world of Lutheranism. Organizing a parish on the East Side, and constantly occupied with the details of his

admirable program, he has very much enriched the Church by his scholarly research and his contributions to every part of the Church's life. In addition to this, he has had on his heart the development of the Church of the Reformation in this strategic centre, conscious of the fact that the influence of New York goes throughout the entire nation. His ministry of sixty years on the East Side of New York makes him the outstanding spiritual leader of this city, and one to whom the Lutheran Church especially will ever be indebted.

On the upper East Side, the Rev. Dr. J. B. Remensnyder was the pastor of St. James's Church. By his writings he contributed much to the better understanding of his Church. Holy Trinity Church, at that time on West Twenty-first Street, had as pastor the Rev. Dr. C. Armand Miller, and the Church of the Advent was just being organized on the return of the Rev. Dr. G. F. Krotel. He had come to New York in 1868 and organized Holy Trinity Church. I recall with interest walking down Second Avenue with him when he pointed out to me the house in which he lived on taking up his pastorate in New York City. Second Avenue was then the best residence street; long since it gave way to Fifth Avenue, as the latter is now yielding to Park Avenue. I shall always be grateful that Dr. Krotel's life touched upon my early ministry. St. John's Church, in Christopher Street, had as pastor the Rev. Dr. John J. Young, and St. Mark's Church, on East Sixth Street, was under the care of the Rev. George C. F. Haas. All of these men, in their warm-hearted interest, were to me *in loco parentis*. In addition to these men were others in the same group who were soon to take upon themselves the leadership of the Church—the Rev. F. H. Knubel, who became the first president of the United Lutheran Church, and the Rev. J. A. W.

Haas, who has brought Muhlenberg College into her best life.

If the past quarter of a century has been a period of big business, one feels that the Church has also entered into a larger life, and divisions which existed one time have become fewer, and, where they still exist, a spirit of coöperation has developed throughout the entire Church on this territory. Some of the definitive terms which then connoted divisions have since been quite erased. It is a happy omen for the future when the entire strength of the Church on this territory shall be united for the furtherance of our common work. The Spirit of the Lord is active in His Church.

In 1899 there was one group of pastors who were striving to unite the Lutherans of diverse antecedents. Koinonia was organized by Dr. Wenner in his own home in 1896. It is still in the fullness of its strength, and has contributed much to the better understanding among the various portions of the Church in New York.

In 1904, again through the leadership of Dr. Wenner, the New York Lutheran Ministers' Association was called into being. For many years it met in the Y. M. C. A. at Second Avenue and Ninth Street. Every Lutheran minister on this territory is a member ipso facto. There are many problems which face the Lutheran pastor in the metropolis; this association has striven to be of service in the solution of these common problems. It was responsible for the organization of the Inner Mission Society, a movement which is constantly gaining strength and enlisting more of the members of our churches in its service. All the time it is extending its ministry, under the Rev. Clarence E. Krumbholz. Another Inner Mission Society has also been formed in Brooklyn. These institutions are stimulating our Christian people for a definite service, in Christ's name,

among those who have been less fortunate. The Lutheran Ministers' Association has also been responsible for the organizing of the German Seamen's Home at Hoboken. It has just initiated the publication of a directory of Lutheran churches in the metropolitan area, which will, for the first time, show clearly the strength of the Lutheran Church in these parts.

While the Lutheran Church is credited with a thorough system of religious education, yet her defects in this fundamental department are only too well known to those who have her welfare at heart. In the churches of Europe, the state provides religious instruction; in America, those who laid the foundations of our government have wisely separated Church and state. Religious education, therefore, is made the responsibility of the home and the Church. Throughout his ministry in Christ Church, Dr. Wenner has elaborated a system of week-day religious instruction which makes a fitting preparation for confirmation. At a meeting of the Inter-Church Conference in Carnegie Hall, New York, in November, 1905, he presented a plan, together with an appeal to the state, to grant one afternoon of each week to the churches for more concrete religious training. This plan has been endorsed by many religious bodies, and Dr. Wenner has elaborated it in a book, *"Religious Instruction in the Public School."* From its inception, the New York Lutheran Ministers' Association has fathered this movement, and week-day religious schools are now conducted in forty-eight parishes in the metropolitan area. This plan has found favor in other centres of the country, and bids fair to be the solution of the problem of religious education. In many of these centres the public schools have granted definite hours to the churches for religious instruction.

There is a Brooklyn Pastoral Association and a

Queens Pastoral Association, each of them bringing together the men of their communities in such a way as to help them solve their common problems.

In 1899 there was in New York and vicinity not a single educational institution under the care of the Church. The dream of the founders of the Church on this territory of the establishment of a theological seminary never came into being. In 1904 Upsala College was founded, and more recently has established itself on a splendid site at East Orange, New Jersey. Concordia College struggled along for some time as St. Matthew's Academy. In 1908 new life was put into this institution, which was permanently established at Bronxville, where it occupies valuable property. In 1918 Wagner College removed from Rochester to its splendid property on Grymes Hill, near Stapleton, Staten Island. It has just completed a $500,000 campaign to establish itself as a college recognized by the University of the State of New York.

The Lutheran Society was organized in 1914, and promotes the general interest of the Lutheran Church in encouraging a friendly interest among its members. It now numbers over 1,000 men who have done much to bring better understanding among the churches of New York City. Its potential strength is so unlimited that one waits with eagerness its being attached to some definite task.

In 1914 the Lutheran Church in the borough of Manhattan, was fourth in number among the Protestant bodies. In the Bronx it is third; in Brooklyn, first; in Queens, first, and in Richmond, third. Throughout Greater New York the Lutheran Church stands fourth. Despite this creditable achievement, there remains a fact which is a matter both of chagrin and of challenge. There are at least 600,000 lapsed Lutherans in Greater New York, not to speak of the larger circle which we

call the metropolitan area. This world metropolis is still the greatest home mission field in the Lutheran Church. These 600,000 persons are in some way related to our Church, and to them we have a definite responsibility. Many of these have been confirmed in churches in this country, and many more in the churches in Europe. Some of these have been baptized in the Lutheran Church, and the Church is, therefore, still obligated to them. There are many more whose only touch with the Christian Church has been the Lutheran Church. These myriads of souls continue to be our challenge. The past century has marked a striking development in our forces; the coming century beckons to more intelligent and effective effort.

The shifting population constitutes one of our gravest problems. The tremendous development of business enterprise on the island of Manhattan makes it scarcely likely that any church will hereafter be established on the original area of New York. The problem will be to maintain those that still exist. We must have churches in the suburbs to welcome those who are shifting their residence. This shifting population helps us to wipe out some of our earlier mistakes in New York. Our churches have not stood on prominent thoroughfares, but as these are now being turned into business districts there will be no need for the churches. This gives us a new opportunity to establish churches where people are finding their homes.

There will, however, still be work for the churches that remain in New York. There will always be need of a religious message and ministry to the millions of visitors who come to the metropolis of the world, either on business or pleasure. There are many students in our large schools, and there will always be a limited number of residents on this island. To establish our churches perpetually, it will be necessary not only to

call for an endowment, but vigorously to press this means of guaranteeing the ministry of the Church of Christ.

The strengthening of the Church in this metropolitan area has value in itself; but what is of greater value still, its influence extends throughout the entire nation. Especially is this true as it stands as the gateway to the New England cities, where new invasions of population are opening new opportunities for the Church's endeavor.

One other aspect of New York Lutheranism in the past twenty-five years has been its relationship with the Lutheranism of the older countries of Europe, brought about by the visits of distinguished churchmen from abroad. The first of these was Bishop von Scheele, of Visby, Sweden; but it has been only in more recent years that the bonds between the Old World and the New have been much strengthened by these visits. After the war there came Bishop J. R. Koskimies, from Helsingfors, Finland; and in 1919, the Commission from the Lutheran Churches of France. The Primate of Denmark, Bishop Ostenfeld, was here in in 1923, and, in the same year, came the Archbishop of Upsala, Dr. Soderblom. The centennial of the Norwegian movement to America brought to those shores, in 1925, the Primate of Norway, Dr. Johann Lunde, of Oslo, and Bishop Pederson, of Stavanger.

CHAPTER XV

THE JUBILEE YEAR

In the laws of Moses there stood the command, "Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year: it shall be a jubilee unto you." The Roman Catholic Church at first observed a jubilee every century; later it was set for three times a century. At the present time a quarter of a century marks for the Church of Rome the jubilee year. Nowadays, when life goes very rapidly and when a quarter of a century sees accomplished that which in times past required a century, it is fitting that at the end of twenty-five years we should cease from our labors and make a survey of that which has been done.

The Synod of New York and New England began its life with thirty-seven congregations. Not long after that, Holy Trinity, Jamestown, N. Y., was merged with an Augustana Synod congregation. In 1910 eleven parishes were dismissed to form the Synod of Central Canada. The total of congregations now is seventy-six. The Synod started with 10,536 confirmed members and 8,605 Sunday School scholars; to-day it has 30,366 members and 16,391 scholars. Twenty-five years ago the baptized membership of the Synod was 12,125; to-day it is 45,534. The first budget amounted to $3,332.73; the congregations have already pledged $101,000 for 1926. The Synod also is now in possession of the church at Ithaca, costing $145,000, on which there is an indebtedness of $35,000. The value of church property belonging to the

congregations of the Synod has increased from $803,-891 to $5,178,828.

The Jubilee Year also in its survey of results brings to us the realization of plans left undone. At the first Convention of the Synod the name of the Synod was given a special character because of the intent to do aggressive mission work in New England. St. Mark's Church, Boston, was among the congregations which helped to organize the Synod. At the end of these years we have but two more congregations on that entire territory. Several other efforts have been made in those thriving cities, but the impulse was not strong enough to live. The effort, too, may have been premature. This territory is now changing. The vacant farms are being bought up by an entirely new people. Into the large industrial centres are pouring other strangers from Europe. Many of these come from Lutheran connections, and the next twenty-five years must see a more aggressive mission policy on the territory which helped so largely to determine the early history of America.

The Synod has had on its program, as its contribution to the educational work of the Church, a boys' preparatory school. We have been reluctant to add another school to the number now existing. Our policy in education has rather been the supporting of the schools belonging to other Synods. There is great need, however, in the Church for a representative boys' school where the very finest atmosphere and traditions might be maintained, and where associations with the Church might be formed which would help to mould the life of the boy beginning his teens. Such a school should be well equipped and endowed. It might well appeal to some man as one of the finest philanthropies to which he might dedicate his gifts. This unsolved problem we also bequeath to the new period.

While the Church has higher vocations than that of going into real estate, yet the far-sighted purchase of well-located properties would do much to place the Church in the centre of the life of the community. What a change the past twenty-five years has brought about in the geography of our church locations. Modestly, or penuriously, churches were formerly located, alas, too often, in the back streets of the village and city. The site that now places the church in the forefront of the community is the site that the leaders seek. The church frequently loses much by waiting until the price of land has far advanced. If the Synod might control a church extension fund for the purchase of properties when lands are first plotted, it would be utilizing the wisdom which railroads and other large industrial concerns monopolize. The subject of a flexible and adequate church extension fund is one which we also bequeath to the coming generation.

It has been determined that the most fitting observance of this Jubilee Year of the Synod will be a new stress upon evangelism. There are two dangers that constantly threaten our twentieth century civilization; the one is complexity, and the other is superficiality. The Church, reflecting the life of her period, is the victim of the period. The pastor is always in danger of being overwhelmed with a multitude of appeals; so, too, is the entire Church. The Synod is, therefore, this year making an effort to bring into clear and distinct relief the Church's one great purpose. She must come back to the consciousness that, like Paul, she is "separated unto the Gospel of God concerning His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord." In the exercise of this function many of the purposes which now find lodgment under her hospitable wing must be excluded, so that, with full vigor, she may give herself to this one thing. A clear definition of

evangelism will, therefore, help the Church to define her existence and purpose.

The organized Church is in very special danger of mere surface effort. With the hectic quality of modern life, the Church flits from one program to another. In a pathetic effort to accomplish something, she is on the alert for a novelty that will give her new hope for effectiveness. The peril here lies in the fact that she never works through her great and God-given instruments. The emphasis on evangelism will, therefore, call us back to the means whereby men are to be brought into a living relationship with the Christ who is the Saviour and King. The evangel of the infinite love of God in Christ can still be brought to the world by the "foolishness of preaching." Then it must be confirmed by the lives of men and women who, as living epistles, make known "the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvelous light." On the basis of these two prerequisites, men and women can bring those without into the sheltering protection of the Church..

An effective evangelism will make teaching, both in its week-day and Sunday schools, a serious and well planned function of the Church's life. It will give to the women's organizations a purpose beyond the gathering of moneys, it will give to brotherhoods an end other than entertainment. It will give to the entire Church and to each individual a definite purpose—a purpose which is eminently worth the effort and sacrifice that is put into its attainment. It is not the cluttering up of the machinery of the Church with new programs; it is the giving of new life and joy to the original plan. With such a clarification, and with such a re-consecration, the churches of the Synod, in the Jubilee Year, must go on to greater service for mankind and for the Christ who is its Head.

In the Old Testament association of the Jubilee Year,

there was prominently the thought of a readjustment. It would be impressive if, in the providence of God, this Jubilee Year of our Synod should mean the merging of the Synod with the Ministerium of New York and the Synod of New York, so that our common work would be cultivated into an entirely new fruitfulness. Each of the three Synods in its separate life has developed certain qualities along the line of its own history. Each of them has certain fields. The merging of these three Synods will bring together three bodies, each of which, in recent years, has experienced a new life. The mingling of their strength into one common purpose will give opportunity for a greater productiveness than the three, individually, could ever hope to accomplish.

CONVENTIONS OF THE SYNOD

Year	Meeting	Church and place	President
1902	Preliminary	Trinity, Middle Village, L. I. New York.	William F. Bacher
1902	First	Redeemer, Utica, N. Y.	" " "
1903	Second	Redeemer, Kingston, N. Y.	" " "
1904	Third	Holy Trinity, New York City	" " "
1905	Fourth	Redeemer, Syracuse, N. Y.	" " "
1906	Fifth	Holy Trinity, Buffalo, N. Y.	" " "
1907	Sixth	St. Paul's, Morrisburg, Ontario	" " "
1908	Seventh	Redeemer, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Samuel G. Weiskotten
1909	Eighth	Reformation, Rochester, N. Y.	" " "
1910	Ninth	Redeemer, Binghamton, N. Y.	" " "
1911	Tenth	Christ, Brooklyn, N. Y.	F. A. Kahler
1912	Eleventh	St. Mark's, Boston, Mass.	Edwin F. Keever
1913	Twelfth	Redeemer, Kingston, N. Y.	" " "
1914	Thirteenth	Redeemer, Utica, N. Y.	William M. Horn
1915	Fourteenth	Advent, New Yok City	" " "
1916	Fifteenth	Holy Trinity, Elmira	" " "
1917	Sixteenth	Redeemer, Buffalo, N. Y.	Franklin F. Fry
1918	Seventeenth	Reformation, Rochester, N. Y.	" " "
1919	Eighteenth	Redeemer, Kingston, N. Y.	" " "
1920	Nineteenth	Redeemer, Binghamton, N. Y.	Samuel Trexler
1921	Twentieth	Redeemer, Utica, N. Y.	" "
1922	Twenty-first	Grace, Rochester, N. Y.	" "
1923	Twenty-second	Good Shepherd, Brooklyn, N. Y.	" "
1924	Twenty-third	Holy Trinity, New York City	" "
1925	Twenty-fourth	Cornell Chapel, Ithaca, N. Y.	" "
1926	Twenty-fifth	Reformation, Rochester, N. Y.	

	Ordained	Entered Synod	Church	Organized	Delegate to 1925 Convention	Alternate
Ackerly, George C.	1924	1925	Holy–Nativity, Endicott, N. Y.	1920	A. Schumacher	Arthur Wilcox
Baum, Frederick J.	1899	1923	St. John's, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	1901		
Berg, James	1902	Org.	Synodical Missionary Superintendent			
Berkobin, Henry J.	1924	1925	City Missionary, Brooklyn			
Bjerkoe, Geoge O.	1925	1925	Good Shepherd, Bellaire, L. I., N. Y.	1925		
Bloomhardt, P. F., Ph.D.	1912	1920	Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio			
Boettger, Edwin H.	1903	1903	Grace, Buffalo, N. Y.	1904	Albert Le Beau	Chester Jansen
Bowers, Frederick A.	1892	1922	St. John's, Richmond Hill, N. Y.	1903	Herbert E. Matz	
Braun, Clarence L.	1918	1919	Grace, North Tonawanda, N. Y.	1906	Louis A. Wilke	B. H. Lindhurst
Brubeck, J. J.	1896	1923	Epiphany, New York City	1880	James Gear	Paul Whipp
Buermeyer, F. F., D.D.	1871	1910	New York City Missionary Emeritus			
Dell 'Osso, Cosimo	1924	1924	Christ Italian, New York City			
Dimpfl, John	1908	1908	Grace, Dunkirk, N. Y.	1903	Dr. Glenn R. Fish	W. Draves
Dressler, Hugo L.	1918	1921	Atonement, Buffalo, N. Y.	1895	Philip Machemer	H. Krause
Dudde, John H.	1915	1925	St. Paul's, Liverpool, N. Y.	1854	Dr. Chas. Schamu	
Early, John W.	1920	1925	St. Paul's, Hartford, Conn.	1906	H. J. Fischbeck	
Eichner, C. E.	1919	1925	Holy Trinity, Elmira, N. Y.	1899	Clive C. Bohn	J. A. Serfass
Erbes, Henry C.	1896	Org.	Trinity, Rochester, N. Y.	1892	E. Gallipeau	A. P. Gerling
Fanning, Peter	1920	1921	Holy Communion, Utica, N. Y.	1887	F. C. Fingerhut	Paul C. Buhl
Finehout, Raymond E.	1920	1923	St. James, Woodhaven, N. Y.	1921	Richard Meyer	
Fry, Franklin C.	1925	1925	Redeemer, Yonkers, N. Y.	1903	Charles Drewes	
Fry, F. F., D.D.	1888	Org	Reformation, Rochester, N. Y.	1868	H. W. Ungerer	Christian Seel
Fry, Harold C.	1924	1924	St. Peter's, Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.	1916		
Gable, Luther D.	1898	Org.	St. Stephen's, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1898	Charles P. Faber	J. W. Zellmer
Gerhart, Luther F.	1925	1925	Ascension, Franklin Square, N. Y.	1923	Herman C. Schild	Walter Elson
Goehring, N. D.	1919	1925	Student Pastor, Cambridge, Mass.			
Gold, Howard R.	1907	1921	Holy Trinity, New Rochelle, N. Y.	1899	E. Fernschild	
Groth, John H.	1914	1923	Theological Seminary, Seattle, Wash.			
Herbert, Arthur	1921	1924	Holy Trinity, East Orange, N. J.	1909	G. A. W. Achenbach	L. B. Knickmann
Herbster, S. I.	1925		St. John's, Summit, N. J.	1908		
Hiller, George B., D.D.	1893	1921	Emmanuel, Albany, N. Y.	1899	J. Held	W. Doetsch
Hirzel, Carl H.	1904	1908	Covenant, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1910		
Hoffman, Paul C.			Reformation, Buffalo, N. Y.	1910	Philip Greiner	John Faber
Horn, William M.	1904	1908	Lutheran Association, Ithaca, N. Y.	1919	Prof. A. G. Heinicke	W. E. Krauss
Intemann, Carl F.	1902	1902	Grace, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1902	C. Christoffer	O. Roemer
Jaxheimer, David G.	1919	1919	Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1899	E. Kallmann	Wm. Feil, Sr.
Jaxheimer, E. R.	1906	1909	St. Luke's, Woodhaven, N. Y.	1908	F. E. Tilly	W. Bachman
Kahler, F. A., D.D. LL.D.	1874	Org.	Holy Trinity, Buffalo, N. Y.	1879	F. Henrich	F. C. Glunz
Keller, Arnold F.	1913	1923	Redeemer, Utica, N. Y.	1878	E. A. Hieber	C. A. Rockwell
Kline, Harry C.	1897	1920	Reformation, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1897	Louis Linz	Harold Seeger
Klingensmith, U. J.	1885	Org.	Redeemer, Syracuse, N. Y.	1892	H. T. Applin	D. Ackerman

Knabenschuh, H. S.	1888	1924	Redeemer, Queens Village, N. Y.	1923			
Knapp, J. W., Ph.D.	1882	1906					
Knubel, Frederick R.	1921	1921	Reformation, Rochester, N. Y.	1868	W. H. Stackel	W. M. Friederich	
Kreider, Harry J.	1925	1925	Resurrection, Rochester, N. Y.	1925			
Krumbholz, Clarence E.	1912	1912	Executive City Missionary				
Krumbine, Miles H., D.D.	1914		Parkside, Buffalo	1913	P. J. Kuhn	F. W. Maischoss	
Krumwiede, Walter, B.D.	1913	1914	Grace, Rochester, N. Y.	1889	John Lohrman	Fred Hussey	
Marcell, Arthur G.	1921	1922	St. Paul's, Johnson City, N. Y.	1916	Robert Steele	H. Schaefer	
Miller, Carl A.	1925	1925	Advent, East Orange, N. J.				
Miller, Carl H.	1919	1919	Christ, Freeport, L. I., N. Y.	1909	R. B. Fenner	J. H. Mahnken	
Miller, Edwin Lunn	1885	1903	St. Mark's, Boston, Mass.	1891	Harry Feldman	H. C. Lind	
Miller, Harold S.	1917	1917	Incarnation, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1902			
Miller, Hermann F.	1909	1915	Resurrection, Buffalo, N. Y.	1911	F. J. Scheuerman	Carl Werth	
Nelson, William J.	1906	1921	Redeemer, Kingston, N. Y.	1897	George L. Snyder	G. Schantz	
Pflum, Henry J., Jr. B.D.	1921	1924	Holy Trinity, Buffalo, N. Y.	1879	W. J. Seligmann	F. G. Weber	
Reissig, F. E.	1920	1925	Emmanuel, Rochester, N. Y.	1922	Henry Sachs		
Richards, H. Branson	1895	1916	Redeemer, Rochester, N. Y.	1915	W. C. Storandt	A. H. Frickey	
Richter, Karl	1905	1921	Tabor, Buffalo, N. Y.	1893	W. C. Diedrich	George Haas, Jr.	
Ritchie, Chrisenberry A.	1905	1905	Redeemer, Binghamton, N. Y.	1889	Edward F. Cramer	Jacob Jordan	
Rudisill, S. H.	1915	1920	Holy Trinity, Elizabeth, N. J.	1896			
Sanjek, Louis	1914	1925	Slavic Missionary, New York City				
Schaefer, Frederick W.	1905	1908	Reformation, New Britain, Conn.	1906	George Paterson	Albert Berry	
Scheehl, Luther B.	1916	1924	St. Peter's, Verona, N. Y.	1841	John Agne	Albert White	
Scherer, Paul E., D.D.	1916	1918	Holy Trinity, New York City	1868	Dr. A. E. Bieser	Samuel Huston	
Schlotter, Robert E.	1906	1906	Grace, Perth Amboy, N. J.	1903	E. T. Laubach	E. H. Gloff	
Schmoyer, Arthur H.	1913	1913	Good Shepherd, Weehawken, N. J.	1905	W. Messinger	Leopold Leer	
Schroder, Peter C.	1925	1925	Messiah, Flushing, N. Y.	1924	Edward Welch	C. H. Ludder	
Schuchard, C. B.	1898	1912	Christ, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1895	Louis Evers	Harry C. Poh	
Siegner, Herbert L.	1917	1920	Kensington, Buffalo, N. Y.	1919	A. C. Schneller	C. E. Canover	
Smith, G. Morris	1918	1919	Redeemer, Buffalo, N. Y.	1896	R. J. Sautter		
Smith, John W.	1898	Org.	St. Paul's, Rochester, N. Y.	1898	William Uehlin	F. C. Sahs	
Steimle, A., D.D.	1891	1918	Advent, New York City	1897			
Szmodis, Stephen	1924	1925	First Hungarian, Perth Amboy, N. J.				
Toebke, Carl G.	1916	1916	St. Paul's, Richmond Hill, N. Y.	1914	Karl Peterson	H. Opperman	
Trexler, Charles D.	1906	1906	Good Shepherd, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1906	R. T. Martinsen	J. Elligers	
Trexler, Samuel, D.D.,	1899	Org.	President of Synod.				
Tucker, Erwin L.	1901	1915	Concord, West Greece, N. Y.	1910	Harry Fiel	John Lissow	
Waters, M. S.	1890	Org.	Grace, Newark, N. J.	1889			
Weidt, William C. J.	1925	1925	English Lutheran, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	1896			
Wertz, Henry M.	1915	1924	St. Andrew's, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1906	George Klemann	Edward Appel	
Weiskotten, H. T., Ph.D.	1920	1920	Redeemer, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1894	Henry Fleer	A. J. Duhamel	
Werner, Oscar V.	1909	1910	Rajahmundry, India. Foreign Missy.				
Woodward, Luther E.	1924	1924	Ascension, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1907	F. Rasmussen	J. Wrach	
Pastorate Vacant			Redeemer, Albany, N. Y.	1888	Jacob H. Smith	Henry C. Hewig	
" "			Holy Trinity, Nutley, N. J.	1925			
" "			First Lutheran, Blasdell	1925			
" "			Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1926			

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